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The Beaver

A Journal of Progress

Actual photograph of
the husky dog
"MERVIN"
H.B.C. champion
at Fort Smith,
Athabasca

ted to The Interests of Those Who Serve The Hudson's Bay Company

OFFICERS OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

I

Frank C. Ingrams

Secretary

TO the majority of the Company's staff **F. C.** Ingrams needs no introduction, but for the benefit of those to whom the secretary is personally unknown, his portrait is reproduced herewith.

As a youth Mr. Ingrams' imagination was fired by the Company's exhibit in the Indian and Colonial Exhibition of 1886 at London, representing the fur wealth of the Canadian northlands, and in the autumn of that year he began his long association with the Hudson's Bay Company as a junior clerk in the Lime street office; ever since that time he has faithfully upheld the best traditions of the Company's service with unsparing devotion to duty and a transparent honesty of purpose that has won for him the confidence and goodwill of all his colleagues.

In accordance with the Board's desire to bring all sections of the Company's far-flung organization into more intimate touch with the head office, Mr. Ingrams is making an extensive tour this summer throughout Canada and portions of the United States. His journey is planned to include visits to the principal fur markets of North America, as well as to the more important Canadian centres connected with the Company's trade. A voyage to the Bay on board the Ss. *Nascopie* is also contemplated to enable Mr. Ingrams to get into personal touch with those members of the Company's staff whose duties keep them far away from civilization on the confines of the frozen north.

Mr. Ingrams will be accompanied by Mrs. Ingrams and their youngest son. Our best wishes are extended to all of them for an enjoyable trip, in the hope that it will be productive of lasting results in fostering the *esprit-de-corps* of all in the service of the Company.

THE VIENNA OF TODAY

*"Non Omnis Moriar"

By S. HOPFENKOPF, *Leipsig Correspondent*

THE pre-war conditions in the former realm of Austria-Hungary have changed very greatly. Its borders have been reduced to a very small part, and one might say that the whole of Austria is now contained in Vienna.

The life in this city, which is one of the prettiest on the continent, has also changed considerably from what it was before the war, and life in the thoroughfares is far more active. The activity is mainly due to the influx of visitors from England, America, Roumania, Italy, Serbia and other countries. The shop windows blaze with articles of luxury. Here ladies of fashion simply revel in their shopping and even those with the most critical tastes can obtain their hearts' desires. Indeed some of the toilet accessories are the finest in the world. Owing to the depreciation of Austrian currency, these luxuries come only within the reach of the foreigners who benefit by the high rate of exchange.

A little distance from the neighbourhood where the aristocracy and learned folk used to live, out of every corner there now lurks poverty and distress. It is sad to relate that this class of society cannot even afford to have their meals at home, but are obliged to accept charity at the city's free kitchen. On a visit to the kitchen one might easily rub shoulders with a countess or noted general.

On the outskirts of Vienna where the workmen live the houses themselves have not improved, but inside the walls the atmosphere is much brighter than in pre-war times. The reason for this is that an ordinary workman earns not less than 85,000 crowns per week.

It is the little children who suffer most from the effects of the change in the conditions, as it is not possible to provide them with the necessaries of life. You see them walking about looking miserable, pale and wan. It is good to learn, however, that there are many kind hearts in other more fortunate countries where the people have great pity for the little sufferers. In neutral countries, such as Norway and Sweden, the people have tried to bring a little happiness into the lives of the Austro-Hungarian children by inviting

Seat of the Vienna County Council, corresponding to a Canadian "City Hall."

The Ringstrasse, Vienna, one of the "show streets" of the Capital.

The Burg theatre, renowned playhouse, where one must order seats months in advance.

The Austrian Houses of Parliament, Vienna, where excitement is still rife.

them, in large numbers, for the summer. When they arrive they are distributed among the well-to-do families, who gladly take two or three of them for the whole summer.

The political life proceeds as usual and the meetings in the houses of parliament are full of the same passion and excitement as in pre-war days.

The city itself has not the same clean and well-looked-after appearance as it used to have. This is mainly due to the great expense entailed by keeping scavengers, etc. However, everything possible is being done by the county council to keep the city in order.

It is remarkable that although the life for the inhabitants is very difficult at the present time, the rush for pleasure increases daily. The coffee houses, as well as the cabarets, are overcrowded. The better class entertainment is also very much *en vogue*. At the famous Vienna Grand Opera it is very difficult to get a seat, and when five weeks ago I tried to get in it was only just possible to get a stall seat for 36,200 crowns, equalling at that time about $4.50. I was so astounded at this ridiculous figure that I did not pay my intended visit to the opera after all.

The famous Vienna Grand Opera House, where a seat costs 36,200 crowns.

The renowned playhouse known as the Burg theatre is the zenith of ambition of all German actors, and the holy of holies of play art. Here it is necessary to order seats months ahead.

The rate of exchange of the crown is at the present time about 37,500 crowns to £1, and when compared with pounds sterling, prices in Vienna do not seem very excessive. On the contrary they are much cheaper than in London. For instance, a double room at the Grand hotel on the Ringstrasse costs 9,000 crowns (about 5/-) per night, whereas in the most fashionable hotel for a room with bath the charge is up to 22,000 crowns (about 13/-).

The weather in Vienna is almost always very bright and sunny, and it is lovely to take a walk in the city on a bright day. There are many gardens, and even in the midst of the city one can see beautiful recreation squares. Not only is the city beautiful, but the outskirts are also exceedingly pretty, as the foothills of the Alps begin here, and also the famous Vienna forest.

Vienna was and remains a very attractive place for tourists and holiday makers.

*"I shall not altogether die."

THE BIRCHBARK CANOE

An Important Factor in H.B.C. Transport from Earliest Times

By H. M. S. COTTER, *Cumberland House*

"Give me of your bark, O birch-tree!
Of your yellow bark, O birch-tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily!"
—The Song of Hiawatha.

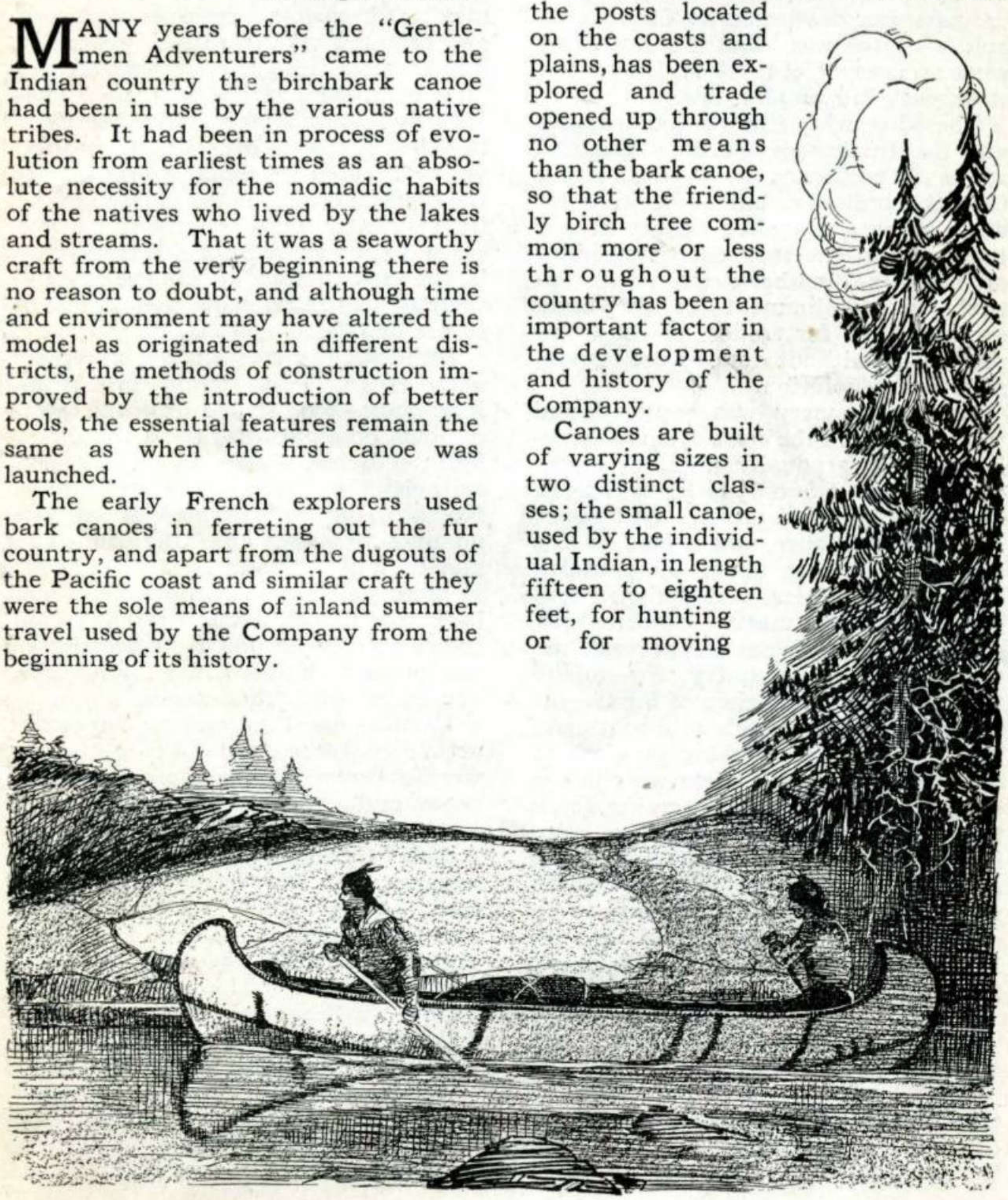
MANY years before the "Gentlemen Adventurers" came to the Indian country the birchbark canoe had been in use by the various native tribes. It had been in process of evolution from earliest times as an absolute necessity for the nomadic habits of the natives who lived by the lakes and streams. That it was a seaworthy craft from the very beginning there is no reason to doubt, and although time and environment may have altered the model as originated in different districts, the methods of construction improved by the introduction of better tools, the essential features remain the same as when the first canoe was launched.

The early French explorers used bark canoes in ferreting out the fur country, and apart from the dugouts of the Pacific coast and similar craft they were the sole means of inland summer travel used by the Company from the beginning of its history.

When that hardy band of pioneers landed on the shores of Hudson Bay in the reign of His Majesty Charles II they found ready at hand a novel and eminently satisfactory craft wherewith to explore the great hinterland they had lately acquired by charter.

The entire fur country except perhaps the posts located on the coasts and plains, has been explored and trade opened up through no other means than the bark canoe, so that the friendly birch tree common more or less throughout the country has been an important factor in the development and history of the Company.

Canoes are built of varying sizes in two distinct classes; the small canoe, used by the individual Indian, in length fifteen to eighteen feet, for hunting or for moving



the family from place to place; and the big canoe, or what today is designated a freighter, for the transport of goods or passengers.

By far the greater number of canoes are of the first class, by reason of the uses to which they are put. A canoe 20 to 30 feet in length would be an encumbrance to an Indian hunter, for alone he could not carry it over the portages, and too unwieldy in all his operations; for although Indians travel in groups when moving to and from their hunting grounds each family has its own conveyance. A man may be the possessor of two canoes if the household is a large one. But it is surprising what an amount of truck an Indian can stow away in a small canoe.

The Mohawks, Hurons and Iroquois and the Indians of the New England states did construct canoes much larger that the ordinary, but these were for war purposes, and they do not appear to have had the strength or stability of the big birchbark that was entirely a development of the early explorers and fur traders of the Company, who without doubt were responsible for its evolution.

As the country was explored and trade expanded the craft of small carrying capacity gradually gave way to the canoe of 4, 5, 6 and 6½ fathoms capable of stowing 60 to 80 pieces. (A "piece" in H.B.C. parlance, was a bale or any package weighing about 90 pounds). These canoes were well designed and constructed by master canoemakers.

Bark canoes were in general use throughout the country for inland transport up to the time of Sir George Simpson (1820), though as a matter of fact in 1780 and probably previous to that date "uplands" boats were in use on the Moose river for carrying goods to the posts south of that place. But it was not till after 1821 that boats replaced canoes on the more important water routes, and where their use was not practicable, or perhaps unprofitable, the bark canoe continued supplying many an isolated post.

THE RAW MATERIAL

Of the many varieties of forest trees the birch tree is the only one the bark of which has the requisite properties for the covering of canoes. Its surface is smooth and hard. It is light yet tough in the fibre, resilient, impervious to water and unaffected by the heat of the sun. It almost never rots. And while it is true canoes in some parts of the country are covered with the bark of the spruce tree, they are short-lived, having neither the strength nor lasting qualities of the birch canoe.

A peculiarity of the birch tree not found in any other is that its bark is built up in layers or individual skins which not only adds to its strength but allows the canoe builder to trim it to any desired thickness, at the same time making it easy to remove blemishes and cleaning up the surface generally. Furthermore, its grain, instead of running lengthwise as in most trees, follows the circumference. At first sight this does not seem of much importance, yet of decided influence on the life of the finished craft, for the bark owing to its restricted width is placed on the canoe as it comes from the tree—that is, the grain running across the canoe—thereby greatly reducing the chances of severe damage.

Although the tree has an extremely wide range, being found practically from coast to coast and from the international boundary to the northern tree limit, it is not always found of a size suitable for the making of canoes. North of the 58th parallel of latitude no trees whatever are large enough to give bark of the required size, and even in more southern localities where once bark was plentiful and good it is not today readily obtained on account of the ravages of forest fires, lumbering operations, and other causes.

Bark at one time was an important article of trade, and large quantities were collected at the more important posts and canoe building centres for local use as well as shipment to posts unable to obtain it from the surrounding country. It is designated as "side bark" and "bottom bark." Ninety-five years ago the former was worth nine pence per fathom while the latter was valued at 1s. 6d. The large "North" canoes, as they were termed west of Lake Superior, were valued at a hundred shillings about the same period.

The birch tree is found in river valleys, on the shores of lakes, or on the tableland, either growing in thickets or groves by itself or scattered throughout the forest generally. Whole islands are sometimes covered with its growth, and in many places it is usually the first tree to make its appearance in fire-swept zones. It takes root in clay, loam, or sandy and rocky soil, and up near the sub-arctics its roots cling to a mere vestige of ground amongst boulders and rocks.

This wide distribution of the birch tree has had its influence on the economic life of the Indian. For centuries its bark has been used for the canoe, forming their only means of travel by water, and in the chase their livelihood depended to a great extent on it; for to the Indians of the great waterways the canoe of whatever make plays as important a part as does the pony to the Indian of the plains or the pack horse to other tribes.

And not alone is the bark utilized for canoe making, for there are tribes who live in nothing else but bark-covered tepees or tents. Others again carry their loads on portages with a line, or *babiche,* over a piece of bark on the forehead. Caches of goods and hunting effects left in the woods during summer are protected from the weather by bark coverings; in fact it is put to many purposes as a covering generally. Ornamented work baskets, plain baskets or "rogans" for holding fish, game, berries, or canoe pitch are also made of the bark. Indian legends have been found inscribed on it. Letters too, from Indian hunters to those in charge of posts, or to their friends, are often written on this medium. The mighty hunter was laid to rest in a casket of the same material (hence his "bark" for credit never ceases!). And many a moose, the king of the forest, has been lured to his death through the adroit use of the birchbark "moose horn."

Again the wood itself is that most commonly used for snowshoe frames, flat sleds and axe handles, the Indian's equipment in many sections for winter travelling.

Birch wood, being tough, close grained and springy, imparts a stinging surprise when one is hit with it. The tree was introduced from America into England in 1736 and from that time one reads of the frequent use of the "birch rod" in the schools of the mother country!

At places where the birch tree was plentiful the Indians foregathered to construct new craft; these meetings in the course of time brought many and various tribes together, and when the first traders appeared they formed the nucleus for what later developed into regular pilgrimages to places where the white man's goods were exchanged for furs. And it was a picturesque sight to see the arrival of the flotillas of 40 or 50 brand new bark canoes at the posts after the long winter months, stalwart men and dark-eyed, buxom women, boys and girls, all paddling with an ease and rhythm born of the ages.

And so too with the early traders and pathfinders, in a wilderness unknown and peopled with savages, to find material always at hand and expert canoe builders was of paramount importance to those eager to penetrate and solve the mysteries of the "Great Lone Land." And so the birch tree and birchbark canoe have had an important bearing on the welfare of this old Company, for we are apt to forget in these days of manufactured canoes, gas engines and steamboats that years before these improvements and inventions were ever thought of the work of exploration with its attendant hardships and hazards, followed by the establishment of the noted Hudson's Bay posts—in very truth "outposts of empire"—had already been accomplished and the "old birchbark" was resting on its laurels.

Today there are few if any places where the five or six fathom canoe is in use, and they soon will be a thing of the past. At Fort Temiscamingue on the Upper Ottawa there was stored in 1889 a canoe, the "Rob Roy," said to have been used by Sir George Simpson. This canoe was fully seven fathoms in length but was lightly built and intended for speed and hurrying across portages. Several were at the old fort at the Soo, while at Northwest river post canoes of four and a half fathoms built in the time of Lord Strathcona for supplying old Fort Nascopie on the Labrador plateau were stored there, relics of bygone days but nevertheless interesting, for were they preserved in the museum would prove not only attractive but instructive to the rising generation of H.B.C. men, for these two outstanding figures in the Company's history were conspicuous travellers in the north, enduring great privations and hardships on many long trips and attaining distinction through sheer hard work and merit. At Northwest river it was said "Mr. Smith," as Lord Strathcona was then known, "never slept." He appeared to work day and night. He was a terrific hustler and traveller and no native could excel him in endurance.

The paddle used in these canoes was narrow in the blade, being about 3½ inches in width, and the style of paddling peculiar to the canoe itself. The stroke was quick, and continuous, 45 strokes to the minute being about the average, and in the hands of a good crew 4½ to 6 miles an hour would be attained. The stroke was set by the bowsman, always a good man, not only as a paddler and guide but an expert in rapids and rough water. He always carried two paddles, the narrow one for ordinary paddling and a long wide one for quick manoeuvering in running rapids. And a rare sight it was to see this man handle a canoe coming downstream. As a rule all men engaged for work in the big canoes were first-class paddlers.

(*To be continued*)

Eskimo Census

TAKING the Eskimo census was one of the multifarious duties of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in the Mackenzie basin last year.

The first returns from this district have recently been received by Superintendent Jennings of the force at Edmonton. These consisted of figures from Inspector S. T. Wood, at Herschel Island, covering the total population of the Eskimo tribes embraced in the immense territory from the Mackenzie delta to Coronation gulf.

According to Inspector Wood there are 1364 Eskimo men, women and children in the district, which takes in some 600 miles of the rim of the Arctic and extends as far south as there are tribes of the Eskimo, but which does not include tribes living in the mountains to the south of Herschel Island, who trade at Rampart House and Old Crow River post and consequently are not included in the census taken by Inspector Wood's division.

The total of Eskimos on Coronation gulf is given at 949, with 425 on the Mackenzie delta and other points. The gulf Eskimo include Prince Albert sound, 33 families with 122 people; East Victoria island on Fish river, 63 families with 241 people; S.W. Victoria island, 31 families with 124 people; Bernard harbor and Coppermine river, 46 families with 157 people; Bathurst inlet, 47 families with 175 people; Tree river, 10 families with 30 people; King William's Land, about 100 people.

The Nunatagmuit tribe in the Mackenzie delta number 195. Kogmolic tribe of Baille island and Kittigaruik 141, and at Shingle point 21, with 37 at Herschel island. West of Herschel to the United States boundary there are 21 Nunatagmuits.

Infanticide is lowering the Eskimo population, says Superintendent Jennings, though this is now almost stamped out in the Western Arctic, but is still rife further east, where the natives are scarcely civilized. There are as many more Eskimo in the country to the east, including the Kent peninsula, adds Superintendent Jennings.

The Oolichan Run

Native Fishing in B. C.

By C. H. FRENCH

ON account of the Naas being the greatest food depot on the Pacific coast the Indians gathered there in large numbers from east, west, north and south, and for that reason it was at this point that the Hudson's Bay Company built their second fort on the Pacific coast of British Columbia in 1831.

The mouth of the Naas river is also perhaps the windiest point on the coast, and for that reason the Company removed this fort to Fort Simpson in 1834.

Happening to get caught there on one occasion in early March many years ago, I will never forget it for several reasons.

It was bitterly cold, the wind blew a gale and it snowed continually. The ice travelled out with the tide, rushing back again when the tide turned at such a terrific rate that it was not safe to venture out with small boats.

Then the wind and snow ceased and the sun burst through.

To the south the jingling of bells, the shouts of Indians and yelping of dogs was heard, shortly followed by the arrival of hundreds of natives to make ready for the coming of the Oolichans. Next day from the west came hundreds of canoes, each loaded with one family and their whole belongings.

The scene of desolation is changed in a few hours to one of extreme animation. This is the great event of the year. The young people are dressed in their best. Flashy silk handkerchiefs and cheap perfumes are in evidence on every hand, while picture hats are worn by the girls and the men sport cowboy hats.

Gradually the older people have prepared camp, repaired trying-out plants and drying racks, when suddenly, throughout the whole camp a great din is raised. The fish are coming.

Far out to sea the sky is clouded with sea gulls and other birds that are following the Oolichans to their spawning ground. Gradually they draw in closer until the shrieks of the birds almost drown the noise in the camp.

The season is on. The first day every canoe is loaded and brought ashore. The nets set under the ice further up are producing millions of little wiggling strips of fat called candle fish by some and Oolichans by others.

The supply of grease necessary for the use of each Indian family during the next year is being tried out and stored in boxes, coal oil tins and skin containers, while many thousands of fish are strung up on racks drying for use during that same period.

Sea gulls, crows, hawks, eagles, dogs and Indians are garnering the harvest, working day and night, and there is written evidence to prove that so plentiful was the supply that two cents would buy one bushel.

The run of fish is over in about one month, when the Indians scatter in all directions, carrying with them in their canoes or dog sleighs the fruits of their labor, and Naas river is again back to normal, the camp being deserted until the next spring.

H.B.C. River Transport

THE Hudson's Bay power vessel *Weenusk* left Peace River May 10th for Vermilion with passengers, cargo and mail. She returned to Peace river May 15th. The *Weenusk* left Peace river for Hudson's Hope with passengers and cargo May 16th.

The Hudson's Bay Company's new northern river steamer, *Athabasca River,* begins service this month on the McMurray-FitzGerald route. The estimated speed of the new steamer is thirteen knots, loaded. In addition to her deckload she will push a two-hundred-ton freight barge.

Fur Trade Notes

ISAIAH Harte, for many years employed as interpreter and storeman at Oxford House Post, Keewatin district, died there February last after a lingering illness. The deepest sympathy is extended to his widow and family.

Presentation to Mr. Barker

THE district office staff for Saskatchewan last month presented district manager J. J. Barker with a massive mahogany humidor, a set of four pipes and an ebony-fitted travelling case of military brushes and other toilet articles on the occasion of his leaving Prince Albert to assume charge of the Lake Huron district.

In the absence of R. Hocker, assistant district manager, A. B. Cumming, district accountant, read the following address to Mr. Barker:

When it became known that you were leaving the district it was unanimously decided that the respect and esteem in which you are held by the entire staff should receive some tangible recognition.

This decision was heartily concurred in by those of the post managers with whom we could get in touch. To avoid any invidious distinctions, it was decided that a uniform contribution be given by each of us. Our gift may therefore be accepted as coming from every point in the district with equal regard.

The intrinsic value is small; but if to it be added the goodwill and *esteem which assuredly accompanies it, we trust its value may be considerably enhanced in your eyes. We trust that in days to come it may call up pleasant recollections of days spent in Saskatchewan district.*

Mr. Barker in accepting the gifts expressed regret at leaving the staff who always, he said, had rendered loyal service. He had felt honoured to have been associated with such a body of men as that of the H.B.C. Saskatchewan fur trade district. He regretted that it was impossible to thank each one personally but hoped that through the medium of our little magazine this might be done.

For the past six years Mr. Barker has held the management of the Saskatchewan district, and he will now be succeeded by S. T. Youngman, until lately manager of St. Lawrence district.

Native Equipment at Baker Lake

By HENRY T. FORD

Manager, Baker Lake Post

WHEN a native starts anywhere in this part of the country he always takes with him a knife. This is for cutting snow to make his house and for setting traps. In fact the knife is to the Eskimo what the axe is to the Indian or any one in the bush country.

After his knife comes the sleeping gear. If the man is by himself he will use a deerskin bag, if travelling with family, deerskin robes are used, although sometimes a double sleeping bag is used when there are no children.

Next comes the ice chisel, also a stick for beating the snow from the deerskins. This stick is called *tee-look-toot*. A stick about four feet long is used to find a good place to build a snow house, by testing the depth and hardness of the snow.

His mattress is made of willows all bound and spliced together. This keeps the sleeping gear from getting wet, for otherwise the heat from the body would melt the snow.

His water bucket is made from deerskin. When he makes a hole in the five-foot-thick ice he has a piece of muskox horn in the shape of a spoon. The ice hole is usually about ten inches across. This is of course a small hole for thick ice, so he must clean it out repeatedly. To do this he uses the muskox horn, which is sometimes attached to a long stick. This is called *ee-lout*. He has his stone lamp in which he burns deer fat. If no fat is available he will use moss. His snow shovel is made of wood, trimmed with deer horn.

The sled the Eskimo uses is made of wood. Soft mud is put on and when hard it is planed smooth and then water is rubbed over the mud, leaving it with a thin coat of ice, which runs very nicely so long as the ice does not melt or come off.

If travelling to a post the Eskimo's food will be deer meat; on his way home tea, biscuits, etc. All his clothing is made from deer and seal skins, and nearly everything that is absolutely necessary can be made from these animals by this truly wonderful people.

New Bear in 'Peg Zoo

A CUB bear presented by Manager W. B. Murray, of the H.B.C. fur post near Hudson, Ontario, was added this spring to the zoo at City park, Winnipeg. Mr. Murray wrote the park officials: "I got this bear from one of the Indian hunters. Being an old resident of Winnipeg and having had many good times in the parks with my wife and kiddies, I thought this little fellow would help to give the other kids a good time too."

"J. Brown" Leaves

Miss J. Brown, assistant in the publicity department for two years and associate editor of *The Beaver*, left the Service May 15th to assume the role of home-maker. Her new name is Mrs. W. Charlesworth.

GOING SLOW

Two men were adrift in an open boat and it looked bad for them. Finally one of them, frightened, began to pray.

"Oh, Lord" he prayed, "I have broken most of Thy commandments. I have been a hard drinker, but if my life is spared now I will promise Thee never again—"

"Wait a minute, Jack," said his friend, "don't go too far. I think I see a sail."

THE LEGENDS OF "NE-NA-BO-JO"

Folk Lore of the Ojibways as Recounted to an H.B.C. Fur Trader by the Indian Guide, Pa-Ta.

By MARTEN HUNTER

AUTHOR'S NOTE—In the winter of 1878-9 I walked with two guides from the Hudson's Bay Post at Long Lake to Michipicoten, headquarters of the district.

The distance is about two hundred miles. We camped eight nights in covering the distance, and my head guide each night, about the camp fire, gave me one of the legends of "Ne-na-bo-jo." They have never been in print, and I wrote them down as related.

FOREWORD—INTRODUCING PA-TA

WHEN my party reached "The Pic" in February, 1879, on its way to the district headquarters at Michipicoten, it was augmented by the clerk in charge of that post and an Indian who was to be his personal attendant.

This Indian was *Pa-ta*. I objected to him from a general, a superficial, survey of his person. He did not appear to me to be a man fit to follow a party on a two-hundred-mile trip and keep up with the procession.

But appearances are deceiving, and the saying is true that "a person cannot sometimes always tell." In stature the Indian was short with a body abnormally long, and legs not only short but bowed as well. To me his legs did not look capable of "taking the stride." But I was mistaken, for not only could he step into the track of the man before him, but he could do it with ease and keep it up day after day.

His face, however, was the most comical part of his person. One could hardly look at him and retain one's gravity. The corner of his mouth was drawn up on the left side to within an inch or so of his ear, and his right eye was a veritable cock-eye. This eye, with its fixed upward expression, conveyed the impression that it was always estimating an altitude or contemplating the blue expanse above the tree tops. He had four strong incisors half way up his mouth that would have been a credit to a beaver. Owing to the upward trend of his lips two of these teeth were always visible, adding much to his grotesque appearance.

Ironside, the clerk, settled the objections I advanced by saying he knew the man and his usefulness and capabilities on a trip. "I'm taking him and will be responsible for him. I'll see that he doesn't keep the party back," he promised.

That settled the matter and *Pa-ta* went. And a better man on a snowshoe tramp I could not ask, nor would it be possible to find one. Good qualities? Well I should say so! Besides carrying a pack all day as well as the best of us, he was indispensable about camp for all those little niceties that go towards comfort. I never have had such soft beds as we had on that down trip. There was no stint of brushwood and he had the knack of planting each branch so nearly on end that the whole was as good as a soft mattress.

Pa-ta had a hooked stick for lifting kettles from the fire, a wooden poker to arrange the hot coals, and an abundance of birch bark and dry splints in case we required a fire suddenly during the night. By mutual consent the other men left the work of camp to *Pa-ta,* getting water, starting the fire, etc. And he did it well.

Like all deformed or peculiar people, he was the butt of the jokes of the other men, but he took all they said in good sport. My own two men, who had accompanied me down from the interior, were French halfbreeds, particularly smart, bright fellows, quick at repartee, with a flow of Ojibway or French on tap *a la* demand.

While crossing some expanse of ice I several times dropped back abreast of *Pa-ta* to see how he took the step of the man before him. He would poise for an instant on one foot, then the other leg would shoot out from his hip joint in a marvellous way, and his snowshoe plant itself right in the track of the man ahead.

My fellows were not only perpetually cracking jokes on poor *Pa-ta* but after we had been out two or three days they began to impose on his good nature. Especially did I notice this during the long cold nights when the fire in front of our lean-to began to die down. I would hear one of the men from under his blanket say, "*Pa-ta*, put on some wood!"

However, when this became apparent to me I rounded up on my gentlemen. I told them pretty plainly that they must all take turns and not leave it all to *Pa-ta*. That settled the matter, and from then until the end of the trip they treated the poor Indian with more fairness.

One of the accomplishments which Ironside claimed belonged to *Pa-ta* was a stock of hunting stories and Indian folklore that he had hidden away in that funny head of his. We found indeed that he was a born *conteur de contes*. The first night in camp my men called on *Pa-ta* to "let himself out," "cut loose," "move his chin," and in several other ways expressed their desire to have a story.

Ironside, who had heard most of *Pa-ta*'s stories on previous trips, asked me if I had ever heard the Ojibway legends of *Ne-na-bo-jo,* who according to Indian tradition was the first man created by the Great Spirit, and who thus corresponded with our Adam. I said I had never heard it. The outline of a man, forming the top of Thunder Cape, had been pointed out to me, and my Indian canoemen had said it was *Ne-na-bo-jo,* who had offended the Great Manitou and had been stricken dead on the high cape.

"*Pa-ta,*" said Ironside, "can tell stories of the great *Ne-na-bo-jo* indefinitely. I have listened to him night after night on a long journey, and the supply seemed inexhaustible." So it was decided that *Ne-na-bo-jo* would be the theme. Extra big logs were thrown on the fire. The five of us with the story teller in the place of honor, squatted down in front of the cheerful blaze, ready to hear the opening instalment of the legends at our first camp out from the Pic.

We camped eight nights on that two-hundred-mile trip, and each night *Pa-ta* gave us an instalment. At the last noonday fire the poor fellow accidentally cut his leg while splitting some kindling. We had to leave him there with one of my men while the others of the party went into headquarters and sent back men from the fort with a flat sled to draw him in. When our stay at Michipicoten ended and the back track had to be negotiated our Indian entertainer had to be left behind. I never made another trip with him. Having splintered a piece of the shinbone, his leg was long in healing, and it was only at the opening of navigation that he was able to return to his own reserve at the Pic.

Thinking that at some future day the telling of these stories might be interesting reading for the whites, I took them down in shorthand, and now give number one to the readers of *The Beaver*. I have put in a few words as a preamble to the first, and can assure those that read these tales that I have confined myself to a literal translation of them as told by *Pa-ta*.

I. "NE-NA-BO-JO"—THE INDIAN ADAM

THE Indian traditions of the first man to be created, I am sure the little white children would like to hear about. Remember, the Indians have no written book as you, your mothers and fathers, and grandmothers and grandfathers have had, to tell them of the beginning of the world. But they have traditions, that is, stories handed down from one generation to another; and some of these stories, or fables, I propose to tell you, as I, the writer, have heard them from the Indians themselves.

All over the Lake Superior country, from the height of land north of the lake away as far south as Minnesota and Michigan, the Indians tell of *Ne-na-bo-jo,* the first man the Great Spirit made. And his recumbent figure may be seen on the top of a mountain, about a mile back from Thunder Cape. Here he was struck down and his body turned into stone by the mighty "Thunderer," who had his home on Thunder Cape. But before this fate overtook *Ne-na-bo-jo* he had some wonderful experiences with the different creatures the Great Spirit had made and placed upon the earth before He created *Ne-na-bo-jo*. And this is what the Indians tell their children to this day about the first man:

"When the Good and Great Spirit had completed all his works he rested the next day and called that day *Min-as-ta-gan,* which in English means, 'Saving Day.'

"And the Great Spirit looked down from the top of Thunder Cape and beheld the fish in the clear waters of the lake; birds of all kinds, flying about the mountain sides; the caribou, elk, buffalo, bear and other four-footed animals, roaming in the forests; and, in the distant lakes, the beaver swimming about. All these; and the world was perfect. Yet the Great Spirit was not satisfied. Something was wanting. While He rested and thought, the idea came to Him. He would create one thing more, something higher and better than all those animals; and this last piece of His work He would call *I-ni-ni,* which means in English, "Man." And *I-ni-ni* should be master of all things on the earth and in the waters.

"So the Great Spirit arose and stretched forth His hand and gathered clay that came oozing out of the cleft in the rocks; and He fashioned *I-ni-ni* from it. This clay was strongly mixed with brown ochre, wherefore the color of the Indian.

"After the Great Spirit had moulded the clay into shape and saw it was perfect in every way, He breathed into its nostrils and *I-ni-ni* stood erect.

"And the Great Spirit held the *I-ni-ni* off at arm's length, with his face turned from Him, and thus He spoke:

" '*Ne-na-bo-jo*—for that is the name I give you—before you existed, I, the Great Spirit, created this world upon which you stand. Upon it are fish, flesh and fowl. All these I give you for your support and enjoyment. There is only one command I give you and this you must obey, or you will be severely punished, and that is: 'Never attempt to ascend this mountain top, after once you have descended. This place I reserve for My footstool; all the rest of the great world is yours, to go and come at will, but here you may *not* come!'

"After saying these words the Great Spirit paused, then said, 'Stretch forth your hand!' And when *Ne-na-bo-jo* had extended his hand, a soft substance dropped into it.

"And the Great Spirit said: 'What you hold in your hand is a piece of the same clay of which you are made. After making you perfect that was left. Keep it, carry it always with you, and if at any time you should feel lonely and miserable, cast the ball of clay on the ground, and I will hear that clay fall and will send you comfort instantly. Now go, possess the world and all that it contains!'

"*Ne-na-bo-jo* stood irresolute for some moments, not daring to look around, but when he did, he found himself alone with the ball of soft clay lying in the palm of his hand.

"The first animal that *Ne-na-bo-jo* encountered as he descended the mountain he called to, saying, 'Who are you, and what is your name?'

"And the animal answered, 'My name is *A-tim*.'

Chipewyan Indian Woman Doing Porcupine Quill Work—Athabasca

"*Ne-na-bo-jo* said, 'Follow me.' And *Ne-na-bo-jo* continued his way down the mountain, and *A-tim*, the dog, followed him.

"When they reached the bottom of the mountain they found themselves beside a small lake. *Ne-na-bo-jo* halted and thus addressed *A-tim*: 'Go and carry a message from me to all kinds of animals to meet me here. Say I wish to see them and know them by name.'

"*A-tim* bounded away to carry his master's message, and *Ne-na-bo-jo* remained standing by the lake shore, alone. He stooped, dipped his finger into the water and tasted the fluid. It was nice, but not sustaining to his hunger, a craving that attacked the first man for the first time.

"As he stood there by the lake, he aimlessly broke off a branch from a near tree and cast it out far on the water. Immediately he saw the surface turning white around the branch, then in ever-widening circles, until at last this white substance reached the shore where he stood, and he stooped and tasted it.

"Ah, yes; it was good, much better than the water. He ate of it. It was pure fat, and a very little satisfied his hunger, yet it was so good that he continued eating until he could eat no more; then, threw himself down on the ground on the soft moss and slept.

"Thus even the first Indian ate to repletion, as they do to this day when the chance offers."

(*To be continued*)

ONE ON THE SCOTCH

Passenger—How can you be so sure that that distant ship is a Scotch vessel, captain?

Captain—Because there are no gulls following it.

WHY NOT GET A DOZEN?

The young housewife, looking very pretty and workmanlike in her big green coveralls, was cleaning out the pantry cupboard.

"Dickie," she called to her young husband, "I want you to bring me home a mousetrap tomorrow."

"But, angel," cried the young man, "I brought one home to you only yesterday."

"I know, pet," called back the young bride, "but that one has a mouse in it."

Russian Rubles

By S. HOPFENKOPF

Leipsig Correspondent

SINCE my last letter conditions in Russia have changed considerably—for the worse. The postage for a registered letter from Moscow to London now costs 60,000 *rubles*.

The prices ruling at present in Moscow and Petrograd for articles of utmost necessity have risen to an appalling extent. Indeed a writer and weaver of fairy tales, whose brain soars high in the realms of imagination, could scarcely conceive anything more fantastic.

It is almost impossible to believe, and yet it is true, that the unfortunate residents of Moscow and Petrograd are paying the following prices:

	Rubles
1 pound rye bread	*95,000*
1 pound white bread	*400,000*
1 pound butter	*800,000*
1 pound meat	*400,000*
1 pound fish	*200,000*
1 pound rice	*150,000*
1 pound barley	*120,000*
1 pood (36 lbs.) potatoes	*600,000*
1 pood (36 lbs.) rye flour	*3,500,000*
1 cartful of wood	*7,000,000*
1 spool thread	*250,000*
1 box matches	*8,000*
1 glass of milk	*80,000*

In the provincial towns prices are somewhat easier, but in Siberia, the pre-war corn vault of Russia and Europe, prices for some articles of food are still higher than in Moscow and Petrograd.

The rate of exchange on the *ruble* is not stationary, and I am informed that in Moscow one can exchange £1 for ten million *rubles*.

The only possible solution for the future reconstruction of Russia seems to be the recognition of the Bolshevist government there; yet it is bitter to witness in Genoa the friendly intercourse of the highest representative of the church and the royal head with the emissaries of economic plunderers and outlaws. One feels bound to exclaim, "*O tempora, O mores.*"

A Polar Bear Hunt in the Bay

By H. F. BLAND

Manager Severn Post

IN the fall of 1916 I decided to walk to Severn post from Weenusk post to fetch a few extra articles I needed for the winter's trade. I started off September 1st. An Indian named Joseph Taylor accompanied me. The distance from Weenusk to Severn is roughly 100 miles.

We made good time for three days. On the morning of the fourth day, as we were passing Shell river, I noticed a white object walking out in the mud towards the sea. After looking for a short while we could see that it was a polar bear. I was carrying a shotgun. Joseph had a 44-calibre rifle, but only three cartridges. I asked him to go and shoot the bear, but he was frightened, so I borrowed his rifle and told him to hold my dog. Off I started after the bear.

The tide had just gone out and the mud was very slippery. When the bear wasn't looking my way I would slide along the mud towards him, as that was the easiest and quickest way to travel. Often the bear would stop and look all round him, and when he did this I would remain perfectly still. Although I was getting very close to him he looked straight at me, but did not seem to be suspicious.

After more stalking I managed to get within fifty yards of him. Suddenly he turned round and looked me straight in the face, then turned his nose in every direction and sniffed the air. But I was to leeward of him and he could not scent me. He lay down and watched me for at least five minutes. He then seemed to think everything all right, so he turned round and continued his way towards sea.

After he had made a few steps he turned round like lightning and again looked right at me, but I had kept perfectly still, as I guessed he would play that game, and as he still saw me in the same position he again headed for the sea until he came to a sand bank. This he considered a good place to have a nap. After turning round a few times he lay down to sleep with his head towards me. I then started to creep towards the sand bank, as the mud was too slippery for me to be able to take steady aim. I also wanted to get as close as possible as I only had three cartridges and a very old rifle. Well, I managed to reach the sand bank and got within ten yards of the bear. Still he did not seem alarmed. He opened his eyes lazily and looked at me.

As I had been running and a little excited I was afraid to shoot, so I lay down very quietly and rested for a few minutes. The bear was now watching me and had raised himself up, so I carefully took aim and fired behind his left foreleg. Then I heard a fearful roar, and immediately busied myself jerking another cartridge into the barrel of the rifle. When I glanced up I saw the bear was within a few feet of me. He had a very nasty look in his eyes, so I fired quickly, and he dropped dead within reach of the rifle. I hate to think of what would have happened if I had missed the second shot, although the bear must have been nearly all in from the first shot, as the bullet had gone clean through his lungs, just missing the heart.

That day we had some fine feasts of bear steaks. It was a male bear and measured ten feet six inches long.

OUTDOOR TALE

By *Bramleykite*

I like the smell of wood smoke,
Which denotes an outdoor man,
The sway of trees,
The hum of bees,
The birds and forest clan.

The storm-tossed or the placid lake,
The rush and glide of stream,
The deep dark pool,
The tree-stump stool,
The dank of woodland dream.

An upland echo mingles with
The murmur of the vale,
The sunshine glint
On nature's print
Of her great outdoor tale.

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If you want to make headway in life, you must make your head your headquarters.

◆

Only a hen has a right to lay down on the job.

◆

There is no tonic for the person who is bald inside of his head.

◆

If you pride yourself on being a descendant from Early Settlers, you had better pay your bills on time.

◆

No person ever graduated from the School of Experience.

◆

The world owes every man a living, but unfortunately the world has failed to put up any security.

◆

It's a poor way to make both ends meet by burning the candle at both ends.

Population

WHENEVER the unemployment problems of the empire become serious, the inequality of the distribution of population, in comparison to the amount of land available, always strikes us the more forcibly.

The white population of the following countries within the empire is as follows. Persons per square mile:

United Kingdom	394
England alone	650
Canada	2.5
Australia	1.8
New Zealand	11.7
South Africa	1.8
Newfoundland	1.5

There have been efforts to populate the dominions with "Britain's overspill." The British government settlement scheme has placed 71,300 persons from the islands in various parts of the empire. Canada has received a large share; Australia got still more. These are the figures:

Canada	25,500
Australia	27,000
New Zealand	11,000
South Africa	5,300
Other parts of the empire	2,500

This is scarcely a fair start toward the results that are needed. Further effort is required. The prospects of further developments along colonization lines looked favorable when in February a bill was foreshadowed at Westminster "to give effect to the policy of co-operation in British settlement and migration," but no sign has since been given of an intention to bring the bill forward.

It has been estimated that if only half of Canada and Australia were populated, even on the moderate basis of the figure given for New Zealand, room would be found to place 19 millions in Canada and 16 millions in Australia, or a total of 35 millions.

A stupendous effort, but well worth contemplating.

DIAGNOSIS OF ACUTE GOLFITIS

By Jigger

ACUTE golfitis is such a frequent disease that two physicians, Dr. Hookem and Dr. Slicem, have gotten together for the purpose of diagnosing such cases and offering the best possible remedy.

History—Golfitis originated among the shepherds of Scotland about 500 years ago. Since its very origin the disease has always appeared in an acute form. No mild cases have been reported by reliable physicians or specialists, although some cases of the milder form of mental disorder have apparently been taken for it.

Etiology—The cause of golfitis seems to have some connection with an excess of leisure time. Although the disease is unquestionably brought on in most cases by accidental contact with persons already contaminated, it has not been proven that poor heredity predisposes to golfitis. It generally attacks persons between the ages of eight and eighty, although some cases have been reported above and below these ages. The only races so far uncontaminated are the Eskimos and the Bolsheviki.

Diagnosis—The disease is characterized by its sudden onslaught. The disorder appears in full force from the beginning and so demoralizes the patient that no help in fighting it can be expected from that source. The fact that it breaks out immediately after exposure is a great aid in diagnosis but a great disadvantage in treating it. The onslaught is followed by sleeplessness, irritability and enormous increase in appetite; later, little faults of memory appear, the patient misuses words and becomes indifferent to the higher sentiments; he also loses interest in his family and in important affairs, errs in appointments, becomes inaccurate in handling simple problems in arithmetic, seldom being able to count above five without help, and is easily angered. He suffers from rushing of blood to the head, mild attacks of convulsions, and loss of the sense of time. He has moods of exaltation and depression, peculiarities and incoherence of speech, grandiose ideas of his athletic ability and melancholy delusions about his handicap. Many show a tendency to gamble and quarrel.

Morbid Anatomy—The physical changes show a great increase in the size of the chest, a peculiar gleam of the eye, and a great increase of heart and lungs, and also an increase of general vitality.

Prognosis—The disease is practically certain to run throughout the life of the patient. No case of complete cure is recorded. The patient will probably not live more than 90 or 100 years but with proper care he may remain active until the last and may be a useful citizen in spite of his affliction.

Treatment—Owing to the hopelessness of these cases the patient is usually committed to a country club or other institution of this sort, although many return to their homes at intervals. Since there is no hope of effecting a cure it is best to make the patient as comfortable as possible and give him nourishing food. Be careful not to interrupt him in his ravings and see that he is not burdened with business or professional care.

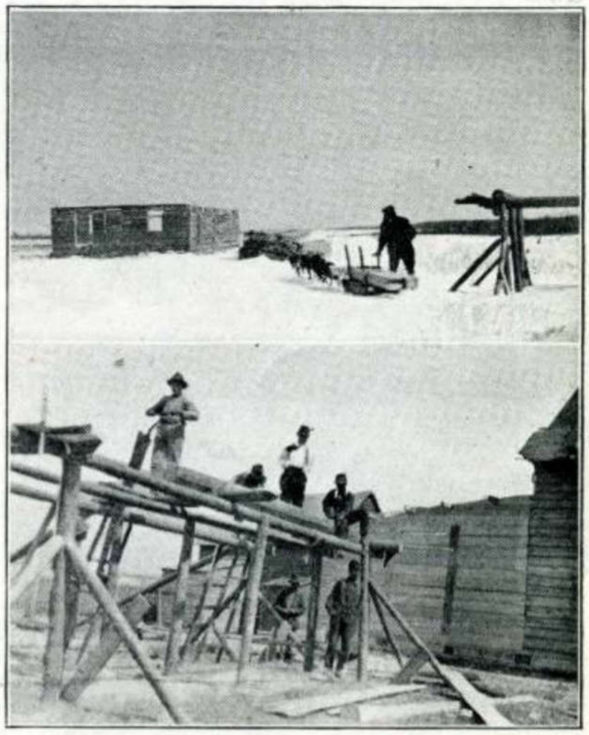
MY SALARY

By Two Bits

The hours you spend with me, dear screw,
Are very few it seems to me.
I count you over every cent apart,
My salary, my salary!

Ten cents a dime, ten dimes a "bill,"
To earn them is an awful grind;
I count each cent until the end and then—
A "blank" I find.

Oh toil, that is so spright and meek;
Oh salary, spent before we greet!
I kiss each bit, and try to find a way
To make ends meet—
Ye gods! To make ends meet!



AT Fort Hope, Ontario. Upper view: Hauling lumber by dogsleigh for addition to old H.B.C. store. Lower view: Whip sawyers and sawpit working on construction.

B-71

Reminiscences of a Hudson's Bay Company's Factor

Sixty Years of Adventure and Service in Various Sections of the Far North West

By H. J. MOBERLY

(*Continued from last issue*)

CHAPTER XVIII

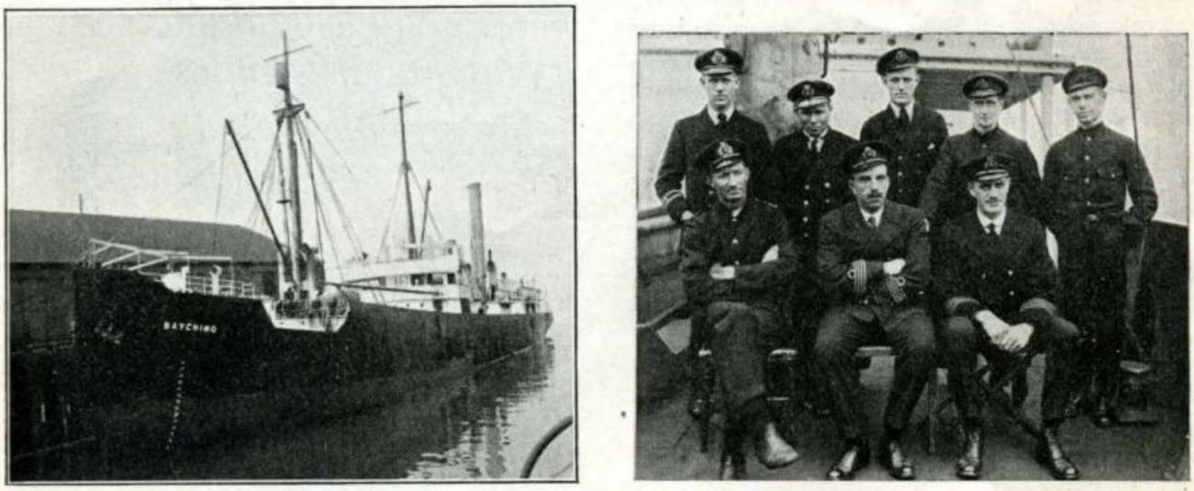
I Leave the Service

We found the ship at York Factory anchored about two miles out, the water being too shallow to allow her to approach closer. The cargoes were being landed and shipped by lighter.

Leaving York Factory, after a brief busy interval at the Company's chief seaport, we had a fair return trip to Edmonton with the winter's supplies. Travelling from Edmonton to York Factory there are thirty-six portages, across some of which both boats and cargoes have to be carried. The two longest were over the Grand Rapids at the mouth of the Saskatchewan and Robson portage between Norway House and Oxford House. There are the same number of portages on the return journey, though they are not always the same ones, as travelling up-stream is a different matter to running down with the current, and offers different conditions and impediments.

Getting everything ready for another occupation of Jasper House, I left Edmonton for that post with a brigade of horses shortly after my return from the bay.

As the road had been pretty well cut out by this time, we travelled with far less trouble, but when nearing the McLeod river I discovered that some of the horses appeared likely to give out, so, taking a young Iroquois with me, I proceeded ahead to send back fresh ones. While we were riding through thick small pine, on mossy ground, we heard a grizzly bear growl from close by. We both sprang from the saddle, and the young Indian, who had a short single barrel flintlock



H.B.C. SIBERIAN EXPEDITION

THE Hudson's Bay Company is resuming extensive operations in Kamchatka and Western Arctic territories this year. At Vancouver the Company has assembled a large quantity of supplies for the Kamchatka expedition. The H.B. steel steamer, *Baychimo,* used last year by the Company in Hudson Bay waters, with the assistance of other smaller craft, will carry the supplies to Kamchatka.

The Company's auxilliary schooner, *Lady Kindersley*, is being outfitted at Vancouver for her annual voyage to the Western Arctic district, Coronation Gulf and the mouth of the Mackenzie.

Views: Left, the "Baychimo" docked at Vancouver; right, the officers of the "Baychimo."

loaded with shot, saying something about "a horse," rammed a bullet on top of the shot, and looking ahead tried to catch sight of something. Just at the moment I saw the brute come out at the side of the road and rise on his hind legs. I cried, "Here he comes," whereupon the Indian swung round, let drive, and ran away at his utmost speed.

I had not brought my gun with me, as it was so troublesome to carry in the woods. On the Indian firing, I therefore sprang to my saddle and gazed round. No bear was in sight. Then I looked for my man, whom I presently observed in a tree working away with his gun, reloading. Then he informed me that just in front of us was a dead horse. I thought it strange that a grizzly should run away when he had such a cache of meat to guard, and the boy was evidently of the same mind, for I found it hard work to persuade him to descend, and when he had done so was anxious to get away with all possible speed; but I wanted to know what had become of that bear. At length I got the Indian to accompany me, on condition that I should lead, but he would not part with his gun.

"All right," said I, "if you will only fire close and straight."

We had not proceeded more than ten or twelve yards when we came across Mr. Grizzly—dead. The lad began to laugh, and boasted that he had taken dead aim between the eyes. On examining the head, however, I could find only the mark of one grain of shot on the nose; the boy had never aimed at all; the bullet had reached the heart quite by chance, and the bear retreating a short distance had fallen dead. I have seen quite a few bear shot through the heart but I never saw one fall at once. They almost invariably make a rush in a half circle and when they drop they are stone dead.

This was my first introduction to the grizzly, but later on I made quite a few acquaintances among them. Some of my interviews I shall describe in due time.

I found everything in order at Jasper House on my arrival. The hunters had done well and there was a good stock of dried provisions. I had sent word to the Shuswaps that the fort was re-established and they were now coming in as they had formerly done, so I was pretty sure of a good trade. This expectation was amply verified when the returns went out in the spring.

The winter of 1859-60 was passed much as other winters, sometimes taking a trip to see the horses, with some trapping of marten, fox, and lynx, in which I had become quite an adept, and by the end of the winter had killed quite a nice lot. By the rules of the Company, all furs that came into our hands, no matter how, had to be put in store at the same prices as those given to the Indians at the post, so I didn't receive much for what I had killed.

Occasionally I would go out with one of my hunters after moose, learning how to approach the animals. I was able to kill them when they were pointed out for me, but so far had not attempted to hunt a moose alone.

In spring we made another large skin canoe and travelled by the old route to Fort Assiniboine and on to Edmonton, getting there before the brigade left for York Factory.

Remaining at Edmonton about three weeks, during which time I ran out on a buffalo hunt, I took horses and returned to Jasper House, where I spent most of the summer, pitching about from the head waters of the McLeod river up to the upper part of Smokey river, and making dried provisions.

We killed a great number of moose, caribou, bighorn, and bear, not to speak of the Rocky Mountain marmot. The marmot is smaller than a badger, and is most delicious eating, equal when roasted to the best suckling pig. They were very numerous in places and on one day I bagged twenty-two of them. Porcupine were also very numerous, and almost as good eating.

Securing the different caches of provisions we had made during the summer, I left again for Edmonton, this time going on horseback across country in preference to the canoe route via Fort Assiniboine.

On our arrival we learned that my old friend and patron, Sir George Simpson, was dead. He had been very weak for some time and the excitement of receiving the Prince of Wales (the late King Edward VII) on his visit to Montreal proved too much for him.

He was a man of a wonderful memory and knew the country from end to end, not all from actual travel, but he was in correspondence with almost every one in the country and thus learned the details of every post. There is no doubt he was one of the most able Governors the Hudson Bay Company ever had.

On learning of his death I at once handed in my resignation, to take effect the following spring.

After the usual routine of packing and getting ready I again started for Jasper House, and on my arrival sent word to my brother, W. Moberly, C.E., who was chief of the survey parties for the C.P.R. in British Columbia, and who was indeed the actual discoverer of the Eagle Pass, that I would join him in the summer.

The winter (1860-61) was passed in the usual way, and again, and for the last time, I set out in a deer-skin canoe for Fort Assiniboine on my way back to Edmonton.

My time being out on the first of June, I told Mr. Christie that I would not remain in the service after that date.

During the short interval I remained at Edmonton I took a run out after buffalo, and little thought as I dismounted alongside of a cow I had shot that on my next ride on the open plains there would not be one of these animals left, for though their numbers had greatly declined since I had first come to the country, there were still hundreds of them scattered over the prairie.

I now ran up to the Rockies and had some good bighorn hunting from the head waters of the McLeod river up to those of Smokey river. Not being now in the service, I did not remain all the time with the regular hunters but penetrated further into the mountains than they were wont to do, where the game, of course, was more plentiful and not so wild.

I returned to Edmonton before the boats came up, and remained there till the 10th of October. Then, the Jasper House outfit having left some days before, I loaded two of my pack horses with grub, and with a good riding horse prepared to go alone. Everybody told me that I was sure to die in the mountains, it being too late in the season to cross, and that the Fraser river would be dangerous and I should not be able to find a canoe. In fact all kinds of troubles were said to be ahead of me, but after much handshaking and sundry stirrup cups I started; and that, up to the present, has been my last sight of Edmonton. What a change shall I find if I ever visit it again!

CHAPTER XIX

The Last of the Snake Indians

I made camp some ten or twelve miles out from Edmonton, and the next day travelled as far as Lac St. Anne, where I passed the night at the Roman Catholic mission. Two days more and I had caught up with the Jasper House brigade, and travelled in their company the rest of the way to their post, which we reached on the 27th of October, just seventeen days from Edmonton. The distance was estimated at two hundred and twenty miles.

At Jasper House I induced a young half-breed to come with me to British Columbia and try his luck there, and we started in company across the pass to Tete Jeune Cache. The snow was about a foot deep and the creeks were frozen over but not solid enough to travel on, so we had to cut our way through brush and fallen timber, where otherwise we should have followed the bed of a creek. Six days of this work and we had reached Tete Jeune Cache, where we desired to embark.

There we found a small band of Shuswaps encamped and among them a woman, the last member of a very small tribe called the Snake Indians. From the Shuswaps I procured a dugout and some fresh meat. They gave me also a description of the river as far as the H. B. Post called Fort George, which was situated close to the forks of the Stewart and the Fraser rivers.

The Snake Indian woman just mentioned had lived through one of the most remarkable experiences I ever heard of. About eighteen or nineteen years before, her tribe had consisted of

(*Continued on Page 42*)

The Land of Silence

(*Continued from last issue*)

By GEORGE R. RAY, Moose Factory

Author of Kasba (White Partridge)

CHAPTER X

Mother and Son

"NOW, Martha," said Mrs. MacDonald, puzzled and not very well pleased, "what am I to understand from all this? Surely you do not wish to insinuate that Little Song is not a good girl?"

"I 'sinuates nothin', ma'm," answered Martha, a matron of sober fifty, stoutly, crossing the ends of her shawl over her ample bosom and knotting them behind her back, and lifting a large bag of washing off the table preparatory to moving away. "I says plainly, ma'm, that I don't like her high and mighty ways. She's always thought a lot of herself; she's out to catch a white man for a husband and some way or other she'll land him, or she'll end by getting some man into trouble."

Mrs. MacDonald contemplated the squat half-breed with a world of trouble in her eyes. A suspicion was in her heart that the woman wished to imply that the morals of her son, Alec, were somehow or other in danger from contact with the girl. And she had a vague dread of she knew not what, for, hide it as she had done, there was in her heart an unhappy doubt concerning him. Then shaking off the thought as wholly unworthy, she said with rather a severe tone: "Why, that is not like you, Martha; you are generally so charitable."

The little black eyes of the half-breed snapped, she gave a toss of her head, and her lips—she had the mouth of a confirmed gossip—set in determined lines as much as to say, "I will take nothing back."

"However," Mrs. MacDonald continued after a moment's pause, "if what you say is true, if people are talking about Little Song, it is time the matter was looked into. I daresay we shall find they are unjust in their remarks and suspicions."

The other woman shook her head emphatically.

"Not if ways goes for anythin', ma'm," she said doggedly, going to the kitchen door. "Good mornin', ma'm."

"Good morning, Martha. Mind you let me have those things back by Saturday."

"Sure thing, ma'm." Then as a parting shot: "And I *hopes* as you'll find that we're mistook about *poor* Little Song, ma'm. Good mornin'."

After the woman had gone Mrs. MacDonald stood stock still for a moment in reflection, going over in her mind that which had been said. The trouble was still in her eyes; a sense of unknown fear oppressed her; she gave a troubled sigh once or twice. Then she went into the sitting room. She took a book with her as she sat herself down, but we may imagine, however, that she did not devote herself to her reading with any great degree of attention. After reading a page or two the book was laid aside and she threw herself back in her own familiar chair, thinking of the son whom she loved with an intensity that had ever been his deadliest enemy.

The half-breed woman's words were still troubling her mind. They seemed to suggest that the integrity of her son's manhood was in danger, and a question that tormented her mind in her most dismal moods got itself asked within her now and energized by her present fears with double force. "Would it not be better that Alec should leave York Factory, where everybody cajoled, pampered and spoilt him—chiefly in consequence of his being the son of the all-powerful Chief Factor, conceiving, naturally, that his friendship might be advantageous—and go to Winnipeg or some such city, where he would make a name for himself in some profession, for she believed he had it in him to go to the top?"

For some minutes the distressed mother sat pondering the matter, and then she sighed. Her heart ached horriby at the thought of parting from her boy. Her face quivered and she set her lips firmly. Then she recovered herself and answered, as she had so many times before, stoutly and indignantly:

"No. It would not be well that her unsophisticated boy should leave her side to encounter alone the temptations and evils of a heartless world—not though the lad's environment should have been twice as dangerous; not though by his absence he might become as powerful as a Pierpont Morgan or as wealthy as a J. D. Rockefeller. Was it not above everything to him that he should have a mother near him?" She loved and trusted him. "He was young," she assured herself, "in course of time he would recognise his responsibilities, his duty to his race and name, and become an industrious and zealous officer of the Company and win a success such as his father seemed to expect of him, even yet."

But somehow the old assurance failed to wholly comfort her. A doubt began to edge itself into her mind. Suddenly she bent forward in the attitude of listening, as if for the recurrence of a sound she had heard. It sounded. As she sat she heard Alec's voice, heard it when none but a fond parent's ears would have distinguished the sound. With a quick effort she threw off the thoughts that chilled her.

"Alec!"

She waited a moment and then her lips pursed and a tuneful whistle followed—it was their call. On the instant came an answering call.

The fond mother's eyes lighted. She rose to meet the object of her admiration and affection, of her pride and her hopes.

And with the same alacrity with which he had responded to her call the boy came to her. His arm stole about his little mother lovingly, his quick glance fastened on her delicate face.

"Mother, dear, how well and strong and young you look this morning!" he exclaimed, "like a young girl! Sometimes I almost wonder that people believe that you and Marjorie are mother and daughter, and not sisters."

The mother blushed and smiled. "You embarrass me, Alec," she said laughingly, "when you talk to me like that."

He placed a chair for her. "Won't you sit down?"

There was a moment or two of silence. The little mother eyed her boy steadily and searchingly. She had learned to read every changing expression of his face, but a new one baffled her now. He sat down beside her.

"Mother!"

"Yes, dear."

"Don't you think Marjorie and Inspector Blake are together a good deal too much?"

"They are very good friends," conceded the mother with a smile.

"Oh, very," said Alec, dryly.

"It seems to me that you are rather hard upon Inspector Blake."

"I do not like him. He is a pompous upstart."

"He is a gentleman," said the mother, as severely as she could speak to her idolized boy, "and he is clever."

"Yes, with his tongue. If you were to tell Marjorie not to give him any encouragement she would not speak to him."

"I shall not think of interfering."

"But suppose she should become fond of him?"

"Marjorie will never become really fond of any man, till he shall have given her proper reason. And if he admires her, why should they not come together?"

"She is too young."

"She is eighteen and if they were engaged, perhaps, they might wait for a year or so. For myself I like Inspector Blake very much."

"Marjorie is inconsistent, at any rate. She refused young Robson the surveyor and Godfrey the geologist because they were vain and worldly and now she accepts the attentions of a person who is all that, and perhaps worse."

"Alec!" admonished the mother, "I cannot allow you to speak contemptuously of Inspector Blake. Your father thinks highly of him, and he is scarcely the man to be deceived by external appearances."

"She can't love Bob rightly, or she would not fall for the first smooth-tongued fellow that pleased to take notice of her."

"Be just to Marjorie, dear. Bob has never spoken to her of his love."

"She must have known it."

"Your tongue runs too fast, Alec," the mother reproved gently. "Bob may look upon Marjorie as a pretty little sister, for all we know to the contrary."

"But you will plead for him?"

"No. If Bob did not choose to act for himself before he left for Winnipeg, what can I do for him? I have no right to name him as he has not spoken for himself."

"How can you blame him, mother dear, for not speaking before he obtained his degree?"

"I do not blame him, dear, for that would have been your father's and my decision, and which we should have been bound to give had we been consulted."

"And you are actually blaming Bob for not having acted honorably?"

"Not I. I honor and love him for it, but I fear it will lose him Marjorie."

"And you will not interfere?"

"No. The choice of a husband is a matter for Marjorie's heart alone. I have no right to interfere. But when she shall have chosen I will strive to make her assure herself that she is choosing the husband a Christian girl should select."

"Then it is no use my talking. And as it makes you unhappy, I'll not abuse Inspector Blake again." Then Alec kissed his mother and went away.

In passing I might say that if Mrs. MacDonald had doubts as to the state of Bob's heart, such was not the case with the boy's father. Mr. Armstrong had long seen the course of his son's affection and in the days before Bob's return to college for his final term he might have said the few words to turn the current in the right direction, but he had held his peace. He wished—as a father only can wish—his son's happiness and he waited events. But most assuredly had the young man opened his lips to his father and had confided his love, and the fact that he had never declared it to Marjorie, he would have received the most high-minded advice: "Had you your degree, your course might properly have been different from what it now must be, namely—to be silent until you return. Then you can address her and ask the consent of her parents."

Shortly after Alec went away the fond mother heard Marjorie and Blake enter an adjoining room and leaning forward she sat listening, not as one suspecting but as one loving, to her daughter's easy flow of chatter with occasional interpolations of the Inspector's fluent English; then she thought of Bob Armstrong, whom she so loved that she thought him worthy of Marjorie. "Poor Bob!" she sighed.

CHAPTER XI

Miner Receives Visitors; and Little Song "Fools" the Parson

MINER was standing with his back to the fire, his hands clenched in his pockets, his mood gloomy and dark. A new vexation had come upon him, the work of his pet aversion, the missionary.

Presently someone rapped at the door. He looked towards it as if considering the quality of the rapping. It was a ceremony little practised by his class of visitors.

"Who's that? That's not the parson, it must be some stranger."

He waited in silence. The rapping was repeated, then he said, after another moment's consideration. "Hullo!"

The door opened and let in *Napiokeesick* and *Amiquaniss*.

For an instant Miner seemed to be somewhat startled by the Indians' appearance. Then:

"Wha-che-a," he said, in his visitors' own language, which he spoke fluently. "Sit down."

"Wha-che-a, wha-che-a," returned the two Indians.

Miner felt for the "makings." He knew the Indian character and expected a long pause to ensue before the old man began what he had come to say, but to his astonishment the old fellow began right away.

Disregarding his host's invitation to be seated, he took a few steps toward that worthy and staring hard at him with eyes that burned like twin points of fire, said:

"I have come to you about my daughter. What are you doing to my daughter?"

Meanwhile the Indian woman sank heavily upon a stool. Evidently something was disturbing her peace of mind. Her fat, broad face was troubled and in her eyes there was an expression of anxiety. At her husband's outburst she caught Miner's eye and made a slight gesture as if in apology for the old man's behaviour.

"Doing with her?" said Miner, his mind working rapidly. He had promised Alec that he would "stall" for him; evidently the boy had begun to act on this. "What do you mean?" he asked feeling his way cautiously.

The Indian father, whose eyes never left the other man's face, studied him closely for a moment, then slowly and with frequent pauses he said:

"I have seen my daughter with a man—a white man—several times. They were up to no good. I thought it was—it was someone else who was with her—but she says it was you."

Miner nodded. "Did she?" he said noncommittally.

"Yes. So I have come to find out if she is speaking the truth and if she is to warn you that I will not have her ruined by you."

"But——," began his wife hastily.

"Shut up, will you?" the old man interrupted her pretty roughly.

"But," persisted the woman, "you might hear what the white man has to say."

Napickeesick looked at her savagely for a moment and said:

"Never mind her; she has no sense."

"But supposing I want to marry your daughter?" said Miner.

"It would be a good thing for her," broke in the woman, eagerly clapping her fat hands together, while a bright smile illumined her big round face.

"My daughter is not for you," said the old man with finality, paying no attention to his wife's remark. "She is an Indian, with Indian desires and habits, while you are a white man with all the desires and habits of white men. What is good in her eyes is improper in yours. Sooner or later you would tire of her—you would leave her. It is always so—always the Indian who pays. The tepee of an Indian is the place for my daughter. I have promised her to a young man of her own race."

A grunt of angry disapproval escaped his wife's lips.

"So, after this, you will leave the girl alone. Leave her alone—or I shall know what to do."

"But if he wants to *marry* her?" protested the mother unable to restrain herself any longer.

"Shut up," snarled her husband whirling upon her and bustling her to the door, where he turned and once more faced Miner.

"Or—I shall know what to do," he repeated with energy and emphasis, his eyes gleaming fiercely under his shaggy brows.

The next moment the couple were gone.

Miner gave a low laugh. There was something comical in the situation—the old Indian's wrath amused him.

About this time the Rev. Robert Armstrong was seated in his study, at his desk, busy with his correspondence. At his right hand a neat stack of letters, addressed and stamped ready for the post, told of previous industry in this direction. At his left a pile of unanswered correspondence lay spread flat upon the desk. Obviously a considerable amount of work still remained to be done. He wrote steadily, rapidly. Presently there was a knock at an outside door.

"Come in."

The parson threw down his pen and swung round in his chair to face the open study door.

A door opened and closed again. Then came the sound of muffled footsteps in the outer passage and in another few seconds Little Song stood before him. She had come to "fool" the parson!

The missionary rose, smiling, and placed a chair for her. "Good evening, Little Song. Sit down."

"Good evening, Mr. Armstrong," returned the girl demurely, seating herself. "I have come for another book, sir. I came last night but you were out."

Armstrong nodded. "I was at the Post. Too bad!"

"I have finished this one, sir," laying a book on his desk. "I liked it very much."

"Did you? Let me see, what was it I gave you? It was so long ago that I forget." He took up the volume and glanced at the title. "Hem, so you liked it, eh?"

"Very much, sir."

"Then we will see whether we cannot find another for you," and crossing to a large bookcase filled with volumes the parson ran his eye over the array of titles. "Glad to see you have taken up reading again, Little Song," he commented while he searched. "It is quite a long time since you took that book away. You used to get through them very quickly—something must have interfered with your reading."

She flushed a little.

"I have been busy making mittens and mocassins," she said.

Ordinarily she was a truthful girl, but now she had a purpose in mind, therefore she lied easily.

"And is that everything? Was there nothing else to keep you from your books?" The speaker looked at the girl over his shoulder.

The smile that was hovering on the girl's lips vanished in an instant and a look of puzzlement came into the eyes that met his.

He turned and faced her. Something in his straight glance seemed to confuse her. A warmer tinge reddened her cheeks. She drew her shawl a little closer round her head.

Laying aside a book he had picked out for her to take home, Mr. Armstrong took a chair opposite.

"Little Song," he said gravely, "I have been wanting a little talk with you."

The girl opened her dark eyes with a well assumed look of innocence. "With me, sir?"

Armstrong studied her searchingly for a moment. "Yes. What is this your father tells me? You have been meeting young Mr. MacDonald?"

"Young Mr. MacDonald!" echoed the girl, raising her wonderful eyes to his face with a look of bewilderment. "I do not understand you, sir."

The man gave a slight gesture of annoyance.

"Your father has caught you two together alone several times," he informed her severely.

"With young Mr. MacDonald?" she laughed. "I have never been alone with *him* anywhere."

"But your father saw you," he persisted.

The girl laughed softly. "He may have thought so, but he was mistaken. He must have

seen me with Mr. Miner and mistaken him for young Mr. MacDonald. It is Mr. Miner I have been meeting." She gazed at him with a frankness that startled him.

Suddenly the missionary's face cleared, then clouded again.

"And what were you doing with that man," he asked sternly. "What was your motive? No good can possible come of it. He will not marry you."

"Marry me!" she laughed. "I wouldn't be *his* wife for anything in the world."

"Then why do you meet him—encourage him?" he asked. The displeasure in his face mounted to anger.

She flushed a little. She gave a little shrug.

"Just for fun," she answered evasively.

"Fun!" The parson was on his feet. "Fun! What has come over you, Little Song?" he asked sharply. "You used to be the best girl in the community. I have always been proud of you."

An odd quiver passed over her face. She drew her shawl more closely round her head.

"What do you mean, sir?" She asked in a low tone. "What is it you want me to do?"

"I mean that you, who were once a good, steady girl, are fast becoming a girl of light character." He spoke in sharp stern tones.

"You are playing with fire—and you know it. Think! You know what has happened to Indian girls who have carried on with white men for *fun*. Are you wiser than they that you think you can escape their fate?" Sudden tears were in her eyes. She paled.

"I am sorry, very sorry, Little Song," he went on, "that I should have cause to speak to you so harshly. You have disappointed me. But this shall not go on."

"What do you want me to do, sir?"

"I want you to give up this folly, to be more careful of your conduct. You must see that man no more. Be your own true self, the girl of whom I have been so justly proud."

Once more the odd quiver passed over the girl's face. She rose abruptly. "I will promise not to meet Mr. Miner again, if that will please you, sir," she interrupted him hurriedly.

"That is good. Thank you, Little Song. And you will please me a great deal more if you will do as your father wishes—marry *Wastaywin.*"

"I am sorry, but I cannot do that, Mr. Armstrong," the girl replied firmly.

"And why not?"

"I do not love him, sir."

"Love!" The parson stared in amazement. Never before had he heard "love" mentioned as an essential factor to an Indian marriage. For a moment he was nonplussed.

"And you would not ask me to marry him, if I did not love him, would you, sir?" continued the girl, perceiving her advantage and pushing it home. "Good night, sir."

"Good night, Little Song."

Completely taken aback, he let her go without another word. He stood silent for some minutes after she had gone. How could he meet this argument? The thing was outside his experience with Indians. These denizens of the wilderness recked nothing of love before marriage. A fellow chose for his wife the woman whom he believed the most capable of dressing and tanning a hide, of fashioning and making hand and foot gear, and of cooking by an eternal process of boiling, whatever his gun should bring down. Love played no part in his choice; failing one woman, another would do. As for the opposite sex, a girl seldom had any say in the matter. The affair was arranged solely by her father, who chose for his son-in-law the man best able to provide and care for his daughter, and marriage followed at the heels of his decision. There was no courtship. Therefore, Little Song's words had startled the clergyman. Had he in teaching her civilized manners and customs unconsciously put ideas into her head that had no business there? Or was it the books? His eye fell on the book he had laid aside for her. Then he burst into a laugh. "Why she has gone without it," he said.

(*To be continued*)

WINNIPEG

Fred Parker was seen putting the tennis nets across the basement floor when clearing away for the expected floods. When asked the reason he said, "*I'm going into the fish business.*"

Mr. E. F. Hardiman, custodian of the H.B.C. historical exhibit in Winnipeg, met with a painful accident the latter end of April. While adjusting some wall displays he fell from a ladder and sprained his ankle. He has been confined to his home for about a month. We hope to report his complete recovery soon.

Who was the colored gentleman who called to collect a bill from one of the members of the managers' Wednesday morning class? He seemed to be in dead earnest, for he forced his way in while all were assembled at the banquet and created quite a scene. It appears the colored man had known Mr. ——— in Calgary and hearing he was now in Winnipeg the darky had decided to take drastic action to recover a bill for $2, long overdue. The intervention of Mr.———'s friends and the promise that Credit Manager Wood would collect for him pacified the man, who departed muttering about, "mah two dollahs," etc., etc.

Mr. Cunningham, of the audit department, was asked the question: "Would it assist you in getting out stocks if you took a vacation at the beach to study figures?" He replied that such a question was very embarrassing to one of his tender years. He was afraid his figures would in consequence come out rather "short."

Records Shattered in Big May Sale

NOW that the "smoke has cleared away" one may calmly contemplate the results achieved in the Big Sale which marked the celebration of our 252nd Anniversary. "Once a year—bigger and better every year," was the slogan used, and the Winnipeg store certainly lived up to the words. On the opening Monday, May 1st, so dense was the throng of shoppers that one could scarcely move through the aisles.

Interest of a like nature continued all the week, each day seeing record attendances. To quote from Mr. Ogston's message to the public: *"Monday, May 1st, was the biggest day's business in the store's history, and the week of the sale the largest in volume of business ever handled in the store. This is a significant and encouraging fact, and indicates not only that times are on the mend, but also that the public will buy where they are certain that quality in merchandise is maintained and full value is given for money expended."*

Evidently the "Seal of Quality" is highly popular in Winnipeg homes. Before the sale a feeling of optimism pervaded the air owing to the enthusiastic preparatory work being done by the various committees, *viz.,* merchandise, publicity, service and competition. A feeling of confidence was born of the fact that buyers had been able to assemble an unusual number of real Anniversary values—the best in years. Throughout the entire staff a spirit of willing co-operation was evident at all times and keen interest taken in the competitions of Floor *vs.* Floor, individual and departmental standings.

The great "Aughto" race was won by the fur department's *Maxland* speedster, driven by Miss M. Pardo. Fred Parker, of the wallpaper department, piloted his *Slap-Dash* to second place. Mr. Diamond ran a close third with his staples department entry, a *Peerton.* Excellent speed was made by the drug department *Peroxide,* children's department *Kiddie Kar,* shoe department *Grey Barrow,* grocery *Hussell,* and others.

Mrs. Corbett, of the ladies' furs, was winner of the prize for largest percentage of increased sales. Mr. Dickens, provision department, was second; Mr. R. Hoccon, staples, third.

The floor championship went to Floor Two. Each salesperson and member of a workroom staff received a generous prize bonus in consequence.

Winnipeg branch is often called the "old store," but the results of this sale are convincing proof that the personnel are not affected with senility by any means.

"Read-the-Ads" Contest Results

Miss Boake, multigraph operator, discovered the largest number of misspelled words in our advertising during Anniversary week and was awarded a prize of $5. The prize of $3 for second place went to A. E. McKenzie, of the receiving room. Mrs. M. Carpenter, of the blouse department, was third. Honourable mention: A. Ferguson, S. Turner, O. E. Carter and Miss Margaret Miller.

TWO SCOTCH ONES

TWO soldiers foraging for a meal behind the lines in France caught a stray hen. Pat was about to wring its neck, saying, "What luck; now we'll have a fine supper."

"Nae! Nae!" said Sandy, "Dinna kill it yet, mon—keep it for breakfast—it might lay an egg."

A SCOTCHMAN went to his doctor complaining of loss of appetite. The doctor advised him to exercise more; take his horse out of the stable and ride ten or fifteen miles a day—then he would come back ravenously hungry.

Andy considered a moment, then said, "Aye, but wadna some ither exercise dae. What aboot the horse's appetite?"

Managers' Party

SIDNEY KAUFFMAN made a genial chairman at the "managers' Wednesday meeting" banquet the night of Friday, May 11th.

Many clever "stunts" were provided by the energetic committee in charge of arrangements. Bert Leckie's singing and directing of the round song went over in big league style.

Mr. Ashbrook and A. Robinson contributed an enjoyable duet and Mr. Diamond gave a reading in his inimitable style. Mr. Ogston spoke briefly on Anniversary results and thanked everybody for their loyal co-operation, calling attention to the value of teamwork in bringing about such pronounced success.

A letter of congratulation from Mr. Sparling, of Calgary, was read and the good-will sentiments expressed were received with applause. Mr. Sparling clearly shows there is a warm spot in his heart for the Winnipeg store.

Everyone had to answer a "teaser" of a question on their menu. Much "wit and clever repartee" (to quote the chairman) resulted. Many amusing anecdotes were told. Bouquets of fresh vegetables were presented to Mr. Kauffman and Mr. Atkin at the conclusion of a very enjoyable evening.

Made the "Fur Fly"

AT the very enjoyable house party of the Wednesday morning meeting members held after our wonderful Anniversary event, Miss Pardo was presented with a summons by a full-fledged policeman (with big feet), as ably expressed by Mr. Ogston, for making the "fur fly." The nature of the summons was to appear at the cashier's cage and demand the cash prize (as arranged by competition committee) for having established the largest percentage of increase over set quota (which, by the way, was done over a 50 per cent. handicap). "Well done," embodies a volume we would like to say.

At the house party dinner Mr. Jones' subject was as follows: "Does It Pay to Invest in Lotteries?—Do You Wait for Reports or Do They Phone You?" Answer: It pays to invest if you win and after studying a new subject as outlined by Mr. Gilkerson, I am due to win next week, because it's all a matter of mental attitude. If you are *confident* you will *win* and positively *think* you will *win* and keep on *concentrating,* then you are *going* to *win.* The $16,000 is yours. But don't spend it until you have cashed the cheque and given it three days to go through the bank.

One average footballer right in the lineup is worth any two stars in the crowd.

An Anniversary sales quota in the cashier's cage is worth two in the stocks.

Our Anniversary slogan, "Everybody a Booster," was indeed applied with telling effect.

"*Everybody a Booster,*" will therefore be a good thing to remember for every day of the year. Join up now. All you have to do is BOOST and you will share in the results.

How Do They Do It?

IF lightning never strikes in the same place twice, luck must work by contrary laws.

One or two curious instances have come to our notice recently. One week our friend Joe Scott correctly guessed all the results in the football lottery, but owing to a blunder by a so-called friend, who omitted to submit the answers, he did not gain his reward. The very next week he again was correct and won several thousand dollars.

Andrew Dick was successful in gaining second prize at our anniversary whist drive, the first he had ever entered. Two nights later he won second prize at the big H.B.C. football drive and dance. Mrs. Sharp, who gained first ladies' whist prize at the anniversary party, was one of the successful third prize winners a day or two later in the football lottery.

Moral—It is better to be struck by luck than by lightning.

LITTLE Walter, aged 6, has just started school and is always anxious to be very early. One morning just as he was departing his mother said: "Watch the baby a moment; see that he doesn't fall out of his crib."

Walter dashed out of the door, shouting, "No, I'll be late for school. Don't worry, you'll hear the bump." (A true story from Mr. Reith's family.)

Football

HUDSON'S BAY footballers are off full of "pep" and determination to do their utmost in bringing fame to the old name on the playing fields.

This year the club have entered the first division of the city mercantile league and are up against very strong opposition in Whitlas, Eaton Wanderers, Eaton Rangers, Street Railway, Crescent Creamery and Fire Brigade.

The two Eaton teams and Whitlas are composed almost entirely of city senior players. We are fortunate in owning the services of the inimitable Joe Scott between the sticks.

The first league game was played Friday, May 5th, at Eaton park against Eaton Rangers. H.B.C. suffered a 2 to 0 defeat, but the boys did remarkably well to hold such strong opposition to this close score.

Credit must be given chiefly to Joe Scott, who gave a wonderful exhibition of goal tending, incidentally saving two penalty kicks.

Before the game Scott was unanimously elected to captain the team.

Thursday, May 18th, H.B.C. visited Street Railway field but the opposing team did not put in an appearance, due to wet grounds.

Win or lose, every man strives his utmost. The team deserves every encouragement, for with limited material to draw from in the way of expert players, the footballers have a hard row to hoe.

WHOLESALE—DEPOT

Mrs. Jack McKenzie, of Glen Leslie, Alta. (formerly Miss "Ted" Hemenway) and daughter Phyllis have arrived in the city on a holiday. "Ted" was always a great favorite with members of the wholesale staff, and we are all looking forward to seeing her smiling face.

Elswood Johnson, who has been temporarily transferred to our Regina office, paid us a flying visit last week-end. We are wondering if Mr. Johnson had a siege of homesickness!

Miss Louise Fraser is our latest addition to the "steno stars."

Has anyone noticed C. R. Wark a little more excited than usual? Please tell us the reason.

General manager C. W. Veysey returned to Winnipeg on the 17th instant from a three weeks' visit to coast cities. Mrs. Veysey accompanied him. They report a very pleasant trip, and we believe the beautiful sunshine and the several games of golf Mr. Veysey took part in have agreed with him.

We are glad to have C. H. Iveson back with us again. Apparently there is no place like the Hudson's Bay after all.

Sincere sympathy is extended to Miss Maud Whymont, of the candy factory staff, on the sudden death of her brother, May 21st.

Backwards and Forwards

Here is an oddity in the way of a chorus. The name of the song is "Backwards and Forwards." It is sung in "Fun of the Fayre," the London Pavilion revue. The chorus runs thus:

This is easy, so sing! sing! sing!
Miss and Mrs. and Mr. sway and swing,
Backwards and forwards,
Time after time, time after time,
Forwards and backwards,
Swing and sway Mr. and Mrs. and Miss,
Sing! sing! sing! So easy is this.

Not much poetry, but now read it backwards.

Our "Heart and Home" Column

Dear Editor—I am a henna blonde, and am soon to be married. What do you think of getting married in a suit?—*Blondy.*

Dear Blondy—A suit of some sort is considered good form, especially if guests are to be present.

Dear Editor—My fiancee has started going with another boy, and I leave for University in a few weeks. I want to go with my mind and heart at rest. How can I do it? For I am,

Heartbroken.

Dear Heartbroken—Go to University, son. You have lots to learn yet, especially about wimmein, and there's no place like the University to learn it.

LETHBRIDGE Store News

THE H.B.A.A. is becoming noticeably alive with the warmer weather. A contract has been let to a local contractor to put the clubhouse at Henderson lake in good repair, and arrangements made with the city authorities to have electric lighting installed.

One delightful evening a number of the men members went down to plant a number of trees in order to celebrate Arbor day (and incidentally to help to beautify the district). Many thousand trees have been planted in this vicinity during the last two years and readers of *The Beaver* may yet hear of people being *lost in the woods near Lethbridge*.

May the 24th is going to be one great big day. The employees of the Lethbridge store will put on as big a percentage of fun and enjoyment as the store did *figures* during Anniversary week, and that will be going some.

There must be a good percentage of the employees of Scotch descent among the Lethbridge sales staff, because that special bonus during May sale week sure did help some. You should have seen those in the shoe department at the end of the day figuring out who was ahead to date.

Kamloops Store News

MOST of the staff of the Kamloops store took an active part in the city's May Day celebrations, more so with the entertainment of the kiddies. It is the greatest event of the year with Kamloops people and is becoming more so each year, as was demonstrated by the immense crowds that were gathered at Riverside Park.

The following is a list of the staff who acted on different committees:

Mr. Andrews	*Chairman of Finance*
Mr. Milne	*Sports, Decorating and Dance*
Mr. Madill	*Decoration and Sports*
Mr. Ricketts	*Sports*
Mr. Booth	*Sports and Refreshments*
Mr. MacDonald	*Finance*
Mr. Munn	*Music*
Mr. Campbell	*Music*
Mr. Strevens	*Decoration*

CALGARY

The Great Sale

THE Anniversary sale was a huge success. From top storey to basement and from one end to another both ways the store showed the right sort of spirit—the spirit of 252 years of service to the upbuilding of Canada and the empire.

Many desirable lots of merchandise of the Anniversary value were offered to celebrate the occasion, and the public, both inside the store and out, responded by taking advantage of the opportunity to a surprising degree, despite the two days of undersirable weather.

For several weeks before the sale everybody was busy in preparation. The display department put up shields both outside the building and inside, bearing the words *"252 Years of Service,"* together with flags and big printed reproductions of the Anniversary heading used on the show cards.

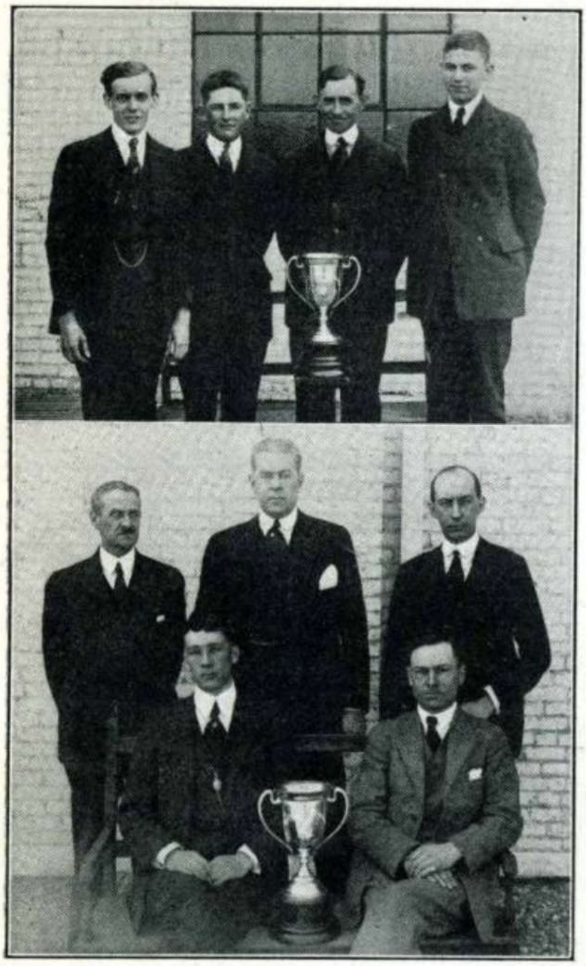
The delivery vans bore banners in the same colors.

The sales staff and the service staff were "on their toes" to win the two beautiful cups offered by the management for the best departments in each division and the judges in this cup competition were alert to everything which would aid them in awarding the cups in the fairest possible way.

After careful deliberation and consideration of the records of the sale the championship sales cup was awarded to the carpet department and the championship service cup to the display department for the best showings made in spirit, service and sales.

All honor to the winners of the cups for their efforts; all success to those who begin now to build up their organizations for another try next time and many more years of creditable service to the old Company whose motto is *pro pelle cutem*—a skin for a skin—a square deal.

WINNERS IN SALES AND SERVICE COMPETITION



DISPLAY DEPARTMENT (*with Service Competition Cup*). *Left to right: G. Stearman, R. Hopkins, J. B. Neal, Manager, Geo. Kitson.*

CARPET DEPARTMENT (*with Sales Competition Cup*). *Standing* (*left to right*) *T. Fish, M. G. Higgins, Manager, A. Dowty; sitting, G. H. Benson, A. Andrews.*

Trade Mark Contest

SEVERAL hundred children in Calgary and environs know more about the *Seal of Quality* now than they did prior to May 1st. Many parents are also more familiar with the trademark, that is, providing children are as handy at asking questions as they used to be.

All this is due to the trademark contest which was run in Calgary papers in connection with the 252nd Anniversary sale.

A surprisingly fine bunch of answers was received. Some of the questions which logically should have been hardest seemed to be easiest. Every child who answered guessed the Hudson's Bay Company, as was expected; practically all of them guessed the four beavers, about 75 per cent. of them translated the motto correctly, and the combinations of numbers ranged from 10 up to 64.

Most grief came in on the first and third questions. The first was guessed all the way from a kangaroo to a unicorn! The poor elks were accused of being caribou, reindeer, deer and antelope!

A few rather odd translations of the motto were received, among them being "*A Square Deal,*" "*An Even Swap,*' "*Go Forth for Hides,*" "*Always on Guard,*" and "*In God We Trust,*" but one little girl went over the top when she wrote that the missing word was *Preator* and that its English translation was *Quo Vadis!!*

The first prize winner in the 11-14 years group was a little girl of 14 years, while in the 7-10 group a boy of 9 took the honors. Two consolation prizes, a five and a three-dollar merchandise bond, were given the two best answers submitted by children of members of the staff and were won by Leonard Russell (12) and Constance Russell (8) respectively.

In the opinion of the judges and all concerned the contest was exceptionally good from an educational publicity standpoint, and it is planned to follow up and keep in touch with the children who entered. The judges of the contest were *L. W. Brockington, city solicitor of Calgary; J. S. Cameron, B.A., of the Central high school; O. L. Spencer, advertising manager of the Herald; W. H. Hornerk, advertising manager of the Albertan; E. L. Blake, advertising manager of the H.B.C. Calgary store.*

WE OFTEN WONDER

What Mr. Higgins eats that makes him so tall—

and what Mr. Brower eats that makes him so *vice versa.*

How much a bald headed man ought to pay for a hair cut.

Whether Mr. Mason would still be a Mason if he were not a "Mason," or whether it would be more odd if a Mason were an Oddfellow.

Why Mr. Hayes stayed so long in Montreal (that's in Quebec, you know).

How our "ships" can "come in" over this bald-headed prairie.

When we can leave a call for 7 a.m. with the radio man.

How Mr. Smith likes Saskatoon.

That Challenge Again

WE are much pleased to note that other retail branches of the Company are quick on the "up take" as evidenced by their remarkably prompt and commendably bellicose response to our "challenge" for a style show match.

As to why we think *we're good,* as one branch anxiously enquires—well, we refrain from quoting newspaper reports, as another did; and send a cordial invitation to all to come and "look us over." Or, if this is not convenient, we beg to suggest that it is customary for the challenged party to have the choice of weapons; so go to it, "pick your champions and temper your steel." We're ready at any time, under any rules — intercollegiate, Marquis of Queensbury, or catch-as-catch-can!

But, joking to 1 side (apologies to Ring W. Lardner) let's do it. Let's go further than that; let's buy us a nice big cup and award it every six months to the branch making the best showing, having due regard for size and local conditions. Let everything be taken into consideration, conditions of stock, amount of sales, standing of credits, quality of advertising, morale of staff, etc. Let the head office do the judging anyway it considers best and fairest. *All those in favor say "Aye!"*

Basement News

Neil Rooney, tobacco department, has made his debut to the country public as an H.B.C. tobacco traveller. During the past six weeks he has worthily filled Jack McIllhargy's place. Neil finds outdoor life agrees with him. His position on the *Beaver* staff is being filled by a "greenhorn." 'Nuf sed.

Mr. Humphries, grocery order room, has been ill for a long time. Both he and Mrs. Humphries contracted pneumonia and were in hospital together. Mr. Humphries is getting to be an old-timer in the H.B.C., and we are very glad to see him back on duty.

Stafford Killeen (owing to ill-health) has left the tobacco department and gone east to a lower altitude. His position in the retail has been filled by Miss Crist. From her winning manner we are sure she will prove an asset to the tobacco department.

We are all glad to see the smiling face of Jack McIllhargy once again after a six weeks' siege of pneumonia. Not only is Jack smiling for his own recovery, but because at the same time the stork visited his home and presented him with a fine bouncing girl.

Now that the golf season has commenced, a number of the ladies are taking more interest in the game than formerly. We wonder if it is on account of the sport itself or the new sports suits? Mrs. McKay and Miss Dolby have appeared on the H.B.C. golf course in the new knickerbocker suits. It is a hard job for their partners to "keep the eye on the ball."

Mrs. McKay, of the whitewear, corset and underwear departments, leaves in a few days for a tour of the principal cities on the Pacific coast in search of new ideas in connection with her departments, combining business with pleasure by taking her holidays at the same time.

Miss Melstrand, who has been in charge of the corset department for the last three and a half years, has resigned her position with the Company and has returned to her home in St. Paul, Minnesota, to enjoy a well-earned rest.

Jimmy Bodel's hardware department seems to be a moving business. Everything going full speed.

Mrs. Read has been transferred from the shoe department to the hardware, having joined our third floor circle.

"A Smoking Room Chair."

The baseball season got away to a good start, and the third floor claims another "Babe Ruth," as Sam McKellar knocked a homer in the first game of the season.

George Salter M. G. Higgins George Benson

Promotions

ANNOUNCEMENT is made that M. G. Higgins, manager of the carpet and drapery departments, has been made merchandise manager for Calgary to fill the vacancy caused by the promotion of J. S. Smith, now general manager of the Hudson's Bay store in Saskatoon.

Mr. Higgins was born in 1881 and started out as an office clerk with the John Kay Company, Toronto, in 1899. With the exception of two years with the Denver Dry Goods Company of Denver, Colorado, he was with the John Kay Company until 1910, at which time he was acting as salesman in both carpet and drapery departments. He next worked with W. R. Brock Company of Toronto, rising to the position of buyer for the home furnishings departments, leaving there in 1916 to take a similar position with the Winnipeg store of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Upon the promotion of Mr. Higgins to his new position, the management of furniture, carpets and home furnishing departments of the Calgary store was brought together under George Salter, of the furniture department.

At the same time George Benson, formerly assistant to Mr. Higgins, was made assistant manager of the new division and will buy for the carpet and drapery departments. Mr. Salter has been buyer of the carpet and drapery departments.

Mr. Salter has been buyer of the furniture department here since October, 1915. He was born in 1883 and started out when he was twelve years old with T. Eaton Company, of Toronto, remaining there eighteen years, and rising to the position of head salesman of the furniture department in charge of contracts.

He came to Calgary after a two-year intermission spent in charge of the house furnishings departments of Sherwood's at Regina.

Mr. Benson is a native of St. Johns, Newfoundland, and secured his early training with Ayre & Sons and Jackson & Company, of that place. He came to Calgary in 1910 and with the exception of a short period has been with the Hudson's Bay Company ever since. He is now 32 years old.

Sales and Service Competition

FOR the 252nd Anniversary celebration a new inter-departmental competition was arranged by the management of the Calgary store. Two handsome cups were offered, engraved with the Company's name and the *Seal of Quality*. One was also engraved *Sales Competition* and the other, *Service Competition*.

These cups were offered to the departments making the best records during the Anniversary sale in the two divisions of sales and service. They are to be held by the winning departments until such time as another competition is arranged. Competitions are to be at least twice a year.

The winners this time were the carpet department in the sales division and the display department in the service division.

The judges of the competition were Messrs. Mason, Vair, Ross and McGuire, with Mr. Sparling.

A scale of points was worked out, in order to compare fairly the large departments with the small departments and also to allow for consideration of many things vital in salesmanship but which cannot be expressed in figures.

Thus 65 points were given to each department which reached its sales objective. Points were also added to this for the amount by which the sales objective was exceeded, if any, having due regard for difference in size of departments. Points were also awarded for accuracy of the departments' daily sales reports, for reductions of percentage in wages compared to sales; for general appearance of departments, promptness and so forth; for attractiveness of Anniversary values; advertising and display.

In addition to these points, there were points *taken off* for complaints, broken promises, lates, and inaccurate advertising and difficulties with rebates.

As stated before, the carpet department received the highest number of points, with a small department, the confectionery, standing only eight points behind.

In the service division, of course, very few figures were obtainable as a basis for judgment. Careful note was made of smoothness with which each department operated and the efficiency with which each bore its part of the sale's burden. Account was taken also of the number of complaints received from customers and other sources, with regard to the service of each department, and any other consideration which would be to its credit or discredit.

After careful consideration the judges awarded the cup to the display department for its excellent work; stockroom and stockroom office, second. Several other departments did fine work, the delivery division being one and the cardwriter being another who received special mention.

Much credit is due each department in the store for strenuous and sportmanlike efforts in this competition and it is confidently expected that all will begin now building up their organizations for the next competition.

Earmarks of a Good Clerk

THERE are certain signs by which you may know them—the men and women who will be known as successful salespeople five years from now.

Regarding some things in the future, one must be an inspired prophet to make a reliable forecast, but here's a proposition that's a certainty: Given five years of reasonably good health, the salesperson who will be holding a good position five years hence possesses *today* the following qualifications: Courtesy, Neatness, Punctuality, Energy, Self-reliance, Initiative, Honesty. A few more virtues wouldn't hurt, but these seven are absolutely essential, and the lack of one of them is likely to be fatal so far as sales success is concerned.

It would be a good idea to sit down and lay these seven yard-sticks along the edge of one's own character.

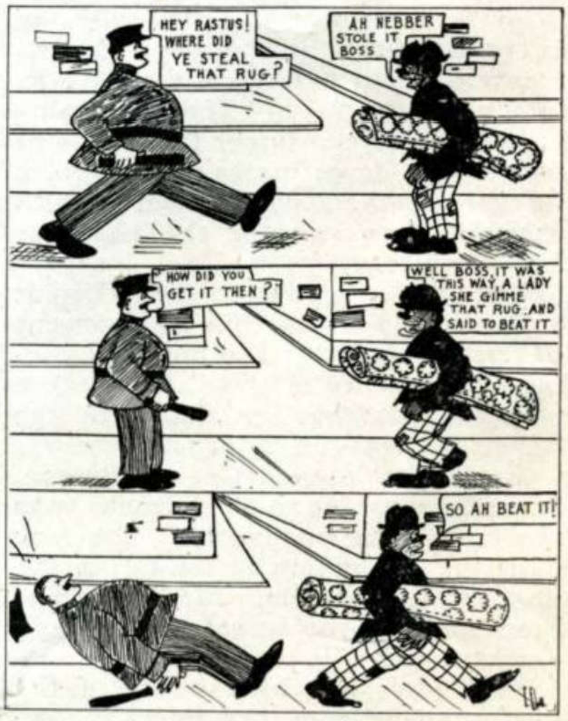
If you find yourself measuring short in any one of them, that's the place for you to do a little tinkering with your own power plant.

You've got to "hit on all seven." Most of us are better than the average in some one or two particulars. We're rather proud of these talents, too. We spend a lot of time taking them out and admiring them like a little boy with a new knife, when we ought to be busy building up the weak spots.

Just a few good points are almost worse than none at all. They are like the bridge which might have been a world-beater except that it was *ten feet too short to reach across.* What's the use of wasting the good qualities you have, just for the lack of strength in the others?

Make a thorough job of yourself. *You can do it.*

FOLLOWING ORDERS


HEY RASTUS! WHERE DID YE STEAL THAT RUG?
AH NEBBER STOLE IT BOSS
HOW DID YOU GET IT THEN?
WELL BOSS, IT WAS THIS WAY, A LADY SHE GIMME THAT RUG, AND SAID TO BEAT IT
SO AH BEAT IT!

Drawn by the fourteen year old son of H. N. Louth, Manager H.B.C. Retail, Yorkton, Saskatchewan.

SASKATOON

Successful Opening

AN important event in the history of the Company transpired when J. F. Cairns, managing director of J. F. Cairns Limited, at 9 p.m. Saturday, April 15th, handed over the keys of the Saskatoon store to Mr. J. S. Smith, general manager of the new branch of the Hudson's Bay Company, and another link was added to the chain of Hudson's Bay retail stores.

For a period of two weeks the store was closed for the purpose of taking stock, reorganizing the various departments to conform with Hudson's Bay standards, redecorating the store and preparing for the 252nd Anniversary sale. During this time the entire staff of J. F. Cairns Limited, transferred to the Hudson's Bay payroll with the taking over of the store, was employed and full-page advertisements appeared in the local press. Although the store was closed, the business of the grocery department was conducted by telephone, and this feature was productive of very satisfactory results.

At 9 a.m. Monday, May 1st, the doors of the new branch store were opened to the public. That the opening was a magnificent success is stating it mildly. The crowd which thronged the store from the opening until the closing hour was acknowledged as the greatest ever assembled in a retail store in the province. It was a revelation to the people of Saskatoon and a source of satisfaction for H.B.C. officials. Immense crowds gathered early and eagerly awaited the opening at 9 a.m. Every minute of the day the store was thronged with eager buyers. So great were the crowds that it was impossible to take care of everybody in spite of the fact that the regular staff of 125 was augmented by 100 extra salespeople. Sales totals established new records for retail business in Saskatoon.

The entire street railway service of Saskatoon was chartered by H.B.C. for opening day from 8.30 a.m. to 6 p.m. This feature was unique in the history of Saskatoon. Its popularity is indicated by the fact that practically the entire population availed themselves of the invitation to "Ride Free with the H.B.C." The population of Saskatoon is about 25,000, and the total number of passengers cared for by the street railway was 24,987. This news item was sent out as an Associated Press dispatch and was printed in the daily papers throughout Canada, thereby giving great publicity to the Company.

A preliminary opening feature that attracted widespread interest was a window essay competition for the children of the city and district under 16 years of age. A special window display was arranged, representing the signing of the Royal Charter. Prizes were awarded for the three best essays as to what the window represented. Hundreds of essays were received and it was with difficulty that the judges awarded the prizes. It clearly showed that the children of Saskatoon studied the history of the H.B.C. Prizes consisted of Hudson's Bay merchandise bonds, value $10, $5 and $2.

The seed of Hudson's Bay service has been sown in Saskatoon. It has taken deep root in fertile soil. Its growth promises to be vigorous, steady and strong, in keeping with the best traditions of the Company.

H.B.C. Entertains Staff

A VERY enjoyable social event was held in the Regent pavilion, May 10th, when the Hudson's Bay Company were at-home to the staff.

For the first hour whist was enjoyed, the prize winners being: Ladies' first, Mrs. M. Jones; gentlemen's first, N. Clyde; ladies' consolation, Miss M. Hamilton; gentlemen's consolation, Mr. Clouston.

A short, enjoyable musical program followed the whist drive and included a tenor solo by Phil Jones and a quartette by Messrs. Chubb, Harris, Jones and Harrington. Dancing followed, the music being supplied by Scott's orchestra.

During an intermission in the dance program a dainty supper was served by the staff of the pavilion. A hearty vote of thanks to the Hudson's Bay Company for their generous hospitality was moved by F. A. Vandrick and appropriately responded to by J. S. Smith, general manager of the Saskatoon store.

MONEY TALKS

Bachelor—A girl no longer marries a man for better or worse.

His Friend—Indeed!

No; she marries him for more or less.

THE DAMAGE WAS DONE

Georgie—Ma, if the baby was to eat a big fat worm would it hurt him?

Mother—Good gracious, yes, it would kill him!

Georgie—Well, it didn't!

EDMONTON

H.B.A.A.A. Gets Good Start

By J. ROBERTS

FOLLOWING the election of officers, tentative arrangements were made for the summer sports for this year, which promises to be the best season we have had.

Election of officers took place in the cafeteria, following a most enjoyable lunch served by Chef Hounsell, and the following executive was elected:

Honorary President	Mr. F. F. Harker
Hon. Vice-president	Mr. McKenzie
President	Mr. H. J. Roberts
Vice-president	Mr. Carmicheal
Secretary	Mr. Saunders
Treasurer	Mr. Hamilton
Other executive	Miss Bennett Miss McVicar Mr. J. Prest

Immediately after the election, the executive met and appointed the following members to heads of committees: *Sports and grounds committee:* Mr. Carmicheal, with privilege to add to his committee members to look after the different lines of sport; *publicity committee:* J. Prest. This means that we need not worry about the advertising end of our association.

Mr. Carmicheal has added members to look after all lines of sport. Mr. Prest has organized a league for the girls' basketball of the different big stores and offices and has a fine team in training to represent the H.B.C. store, and has hopes of being able to finish on top.

Fred Smith is looking after the baseball end, and has on tap one of the tid-bits of the season, a match between the married and single men.

Miss Bennett, one of our hardest workers, is in charge of the tennis. There are two new courts almost ready for play and in the near future tournaments will be in full sway.

L. Secord says he is going to make the golf players work harder than ever before. He is busy organizing competitions for them.

We will also have football, field days, picnics and all the rest that go to make a lot of good fellows fully enjoy themselves.

A Cool Customer

A CUSTOMER entered the Edmonton store and asked a floorwalker on the main floor to direct him to the refrigerators. "Certainly, sir, walk this way," replied our worthy friend in his usual amiable manner. Closely followed by the prospective purchaser for refrigerators the floorwalker entered the elevator and went down to the basement. After traversing many dark subterranean channels they arrived at their destination.

Here a long, painful pause ensued, but which was broken at last by the customer, who exclaimed "What the blankety-blank-blank is the idea? Do you want to hold me up, or make me acquainted with a blind pig?" At this strong outburst of pent-up emotions the floorwalker wilted. Words completely failed him, when trying to explain for having taken the customer to *see* the store refrigeration plant, thinking he was an inspector, instead of directing him to the hardware section, third floor, where refrigerators are *sold*.

Anyway the customer bought a refrigerator and left the store considerably cooler.

ANYTHING TO OBLIGE

He was poor and honest; she was rich and a beauty. He had just proposed and been refused.

"Why, you couldn't even dress me," said she.

"Well, what of that?" said he. "I could learn."

Radio Concert

A SUCCESSFUL concert was given last month entirely by employees of the Hudson's Bay store at the request of the *Edmonton Journal,* who broadcasted the concert over Alberta, Saskatchewan and many points in B.C. Those taking part in the concert were C. Digney, Tom Crockett, Bert Crockett, Mrs. Gladys Slark and Miss Doris McLeod.

Most favorable reports were received from outlying stations, who heard the concert quite distinctly. The possibilities of the radiophone are great and the chances are that we shall announce to outlying districts special H.B.C. sale events before long.

Ladies' Basketball

GREAT interest is being shown in ladies' basketball this season. A mercantile basketball league has recently been organized by J. Prest.

A handsome cup is being donated by the Hudson's Bay Company to the winning team.

No less than ten ladies' basketball teams have entered, as follows: *James Ramsey, Ltd., Johnstone Walker, Ltd., Revillon Wholesale, Edmonton City Dairy, Government Operators, Telephone Main Office, Marshall Wells, South Side Club, Provincial Government Employees and the Hudson's Bay Company.*

A schedule of matches has been drawn up and the first league game will be played Tuesday, May 30th.

The following players have been selected to represent the Hudson's Bay Company's league team: Miss Doris Mcleod (captain), Misses May Megahy, Etheleen McEwan, Gladys Barker, Hazel Barker, Barbara Urquhart, Rose Tidsbury, Ethel Soley, Connie Tweddell, Cecilia Brissette.

AN excellent start has been made by the H.B.C. tennis club. Fifty have joined and it has been found necessary to double the size of the grounds. It is hoped that the new grounds will be ready by June 1st. A series of competitions will be held and we look for many exciting times. Miss Mabel Bennett has charge of this increasingly popular branch of the amusement association activities.

Store Notes

Miss Cecelia Brisette has been transferred from the economy depot to the hosiery department, where she will cater to the needs of our many French patrons.

Miss Bergen and Miss Wilmore are two newcomers to the store and have been placed in the hosiery section. We are pleased to welcome them.

Miss Lola Hepburn has again returned to the store after a short absence and is now filling the vacancy left by Miss Gordon.

Miss Peterson, who was several years in the fancy goods section, has been transferred to the corset department as assistant to the corsetierre.

Miss McKeever has been transferred from the main aisle to the ribbon department.

Mr. Chasey, department manager of the men's section, has been away on sick leave for several weeks and at latest reports was progressing favorably.

Mr. Fulton has succeeded Mr. McComb in the clothing department. Mr. Fulton was for some time with the Hudson's Bay Company in Vancouver, so he is not altogether a new addition to our ranks.

Miss Mabel Bennett, of the merchandise office, returned after an absence of 18 days from Toronto, where she was called by an urgent wire on account of her mother's serious illness. Latest reports say Mrs. Bennett is progressing favorably.

Mr. Moir, floor manager, left for a two weeks' vacation, his place being filled by Mr. Grieves.

Miss McDonald, department manager of the millinery section, has returned after a few days' sickness.

Mr. Hamilton, assistant to Mr. Lockey, department manager of the staples section, has been transferred to home furnishings section in a like capacity.

Mr. McKenzie, assistant manager, and Harold Williams played an exciting tennis game recently against Mr.

Harker, manager, and J. Harkness, beating them to a "frazzle." It is more evident than ever that the best goods are done up in small packages.

Miss Doris McLeod, of the office staff, has been elected captain of the ladies' basketball team. A very wise choice, we think, and Miss May Megahy will act as vice.

Mr. Saunders, card writer, left on a three weeks' vacation trip, which he is spending in Vancouver.

Miss Ethel Soley is a newcomer to the store and has joined the ranks of those who have more ups and downs in life than anyone we know of—the elevator girls.

Things We Would Like To Know

The name of the young lady who lost a book in the employees' washroom entitled "Memory Training."

If it is a fact that a certain young man who is a regular attendant at the tennis courts could do beautiful fancy work as well as play a very creditable game of tennis? Someone has suggested that he be called "Cutie." Can anyone suggest a better name?

The reason why certain male members of the staff religiously refrain from attending any event under the auspices of the H.B.C., and why a certain few enthusiasts never miss a chance to boost things along? It's more of the latter we need to stimulate the spirit of sociability in a big store like this. There are quite a few of the gentler sex who are guilty of this unsociability by being conspicuous at these events by their absence.

The particulars of a formula for a new drink with a "kick like a mule" recently discovered by a certain male member of the staff, and which can be brewed for a trifling cost. Somebody "put us wise," please.

The name of the Scotchman, a member of the Edmonton staff, who was seen proceeding to his usual point of vantage on the hill overlooking diamond park, on the occasion of the opening of the baseball season.

When baby swallows a ten-cent piece, call the landlord. He'll get it if anybody can.

THE CHEERFUL SIDE

A little girl who had been out walking with her aunt heard the latter complaining that her feet were tired. "My feet get tired too, when I go out walking." said the small maiden "but I always think what a nice ride my stomach has been having."

INTERNAL TROUBLES

"My father put down a disturbance last night."

"Is that right?"

"Yes; he ate a Welsh rarebit."

A STREET CAR DRIZZLE

She (getting ready for theatre)—Is it raining?

He—Not a taxi rain.

CATTLE IN SPAIN

This is a true story of an adventure of two lady artists in sunny Spain.

They were walking, and arrived at a little country inn hot, dusty and thirsty. They couldn't talk Spanish, but wanted some milk badly, so one of them drew a most beautiful high-arty cow, while the other jingled some coins.

The Spaniards looked, and a boy was sent off post-haste.

In half an hour the boy returned, hot and triumphant—with two tickets for a bull-fight.

HE TRAVELLED WITH THEM

"Suppose you had two apples, Johnnie," said a Sunday school teacher who hoped to give her class of boys a moral lesson, "and suppose one of the other boys wanted one of them. You would let him take the largest of them, wouldn't you?"

"It wouldn't be necessary, ma'am," answered Johnnie, as he surveyed the other boys of the class. "I know this crowd."

SPRING RAVINGS

Awake! Awake! The dawn is here,
The air is full of atmosphere,
On yon Hawaiian Boola tree,
A ukulele smiles at me.

Far down the dale, a flock of cheese
Lift's up its face to greet the breeze.
What song is that? My heart be still,
'Tis the voice of a little liver pill.

O! can it be, or is it not?
It is! It is! But where and what?
And so as in the days of yore
We find that two and two are four.

VICTORIA

WHEN people speak of Vancouver Island, they mean Victoria, Hudson's Bay Store, Malahat Drive, and that sort of thing.

Mrs. Davies, formerly cashier on the second floor, was very ill in the Jubilee hospital. We all hope for her speedy recovery.

We are glad to see Miss Young around again after her long indisposition and trust that she has now become thoroughly acclimatized to Victoria weather. What a change it must be after the mild and moderate (?) climate of Calgary!

Mrs. Gleason, too, we are glad to see back again recovered from injuries received in an automobile accident.

By the way, the rules of the road in Victoria are all smashed to —— since the ad. man became possessed of an auto. The story of the car will be told in our next issue. Experts are now engaged in reassembling.

Congratulations to Mr. Stanhope on the wonderful catch secured on his fishing trip the other week. But he still wonders who sent him the Easter lily (or was it a skunk lily?) as a memento of the occasion.

The cricket season is open and every noon hour budding "Ranjis," "Graces" and others may be seen on the vacant lot opposite the north end of the store hitting the ball over boundary with no concern whatever for the proximity of windows.

Mr. Hunter has been in the limelight so much lately that perhaps he will hardly like us referring to him again, but a certain well-meaning contributor to these columns wishes to sympathize with him on his enforced absence from Victoria so soon after he and Mrs. Hunter were beginning to settle down to married life. However, we trust his visit to the eastern markets will bring to light so many wonderful values in his department that he will feel more than recompensed for the long and trying absence from the home fireside.

On a certain morning a few weeks ago we were all wondering as to the identity of the fresh-complexioned young man who was seen walking around the store, until it was whispered that perhaps it might be that our genial merchandise manager had installed a new assistant, for the same young man was seen coming out of that official's office. But we were all wrong. The young man in question was the merchandise manager himself who had, in a fit of recklessness, removed his moustache! It just goes to show that you cannot always judge from appearances.

What Is Success?

FROM time to time, quite a considerable amount of paper has been filled with various definitions of that elusive attainment, "Success."

Briefly, I consider the essential qualities for success are *health, imagination, enthusiasm, concentration, judgment* and another which includes all—service.—*A Contributor*.

Sports Week

DURING the week commencing May 15th several of the windows were given over to the display of sports apparel and sports equipment, demonstrating in a most interesting manner the store's preparedness to supply the needs of the golfer, tennis player, cricketer and all other forms of outdoor summer sports.

Our newspaper advertisements were planned along the same lines, with gratifying results for the various departments concerned.

Judging by the present activities of our own employees, the season promises to be one in which all kinds of sports will figure prominently. Each Wednesday afternoon (and even on a Sunday in spite of Victoria Sunday Blue laws) several of our own staff may be seen enthusiastically learning the intricacies of golf, while others are taking great interest in tennis, cricket and baseball. It's no wonder Victoria is a popular place to tourists and residents alike, for no other city on the coast, or within many thousands of miles for that matter, can offer more advantages or greater variety in the way of outdoor sports.

Oldtimer Dies

WILLIAM IRVINE, the first white person born in Victoria, died April 10th at the Jubilee hospital in that city. He was seventy-one years old.

Mr. Irvine's parents came to Fort Victoria in 1851 and he was born shortly afterward at the old fort. His father was an employee of the Hudson's Bay Company for a number of years.

Mr. French Lectures

AT a recent gathering of the Victoria chamber of commerce, Mr. C. H. French, district manager of the H.B.C. fur trade department, gave a most instructive address about the early history of Victoria, and illustrated his remarks with excellent lantern slides.

The speaker gave an outline of the first farms on this island, many of which are known by the same name to this day. Victoria as a city was not called Camousun at any time, he said, that name applying only to the harbor as far as the railway bridge. At one time the city had been called Fort Victoria, but the "Fort" had been dropped.

The Company founded its post here owing to the prospective withdrawal from United States territory, from the Vancouver, Wash., post, the site of this city being selected as a post in 1842, and established the following year.

The first Johnson street bridge was constructed in 1855 and lasted for one year before being pulled down. The first Gorge bridge was an affair of five logs lashed together and thrown across the chasm, with planks on top, Mr. French added. In concluding the speaker dealt with the life of the coast Indians, telling of the efforts of the Company to teach the natives to trap, an art that they acquired after some tuition and the massacre of some imported Indians from the east, who were originally intended to teach the local natives how to trap fur-bearing animals. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered to the speaker at the conclusion of his address.

Joys of Summer

THE joyous call of summer has found great response in our lively bunch of office girls who cast aside their work each Wednesday afternoon and, carefree, seek the neighboring woods to partake of Nature's greatest pleasures. Picnicing, swimming, boating and hiking, all combine to make these affairs the great success they are.

Perhaps the most delightful time is when each hungry soul hears the call for "eats," for many a witty and original joke is the cause of much laughter over this lingering meal.

For instance: Miss Palmer, "Pass the biscuits please, I've *only* had fourteen." Miss Zarelli says, "eat, laugh and grow fat," and she sure can make the peanuts disappear. Miss "Johnny" Johnson overheard the following and wonders why: Miss Burridge, "What time is it?" Answer, "Seven o'clock." Exit Miss Burridge. Miss Plumer, "Blub! blub!" Why? Miss Oldershaw makes perfect candy and her toffee "pulls."

Such incidents and remarks usually bring to a close these happy outings and the exclamations heard while packing in the car for home are sufficient to assure us that everyone had "A Perfect Day."

We take this opportunity to thank Miss Butt for her much appreciated kindness in leaving at our disposal her summer cottage at Langford lake.

The Outing at Sooke

SELDOM has the main street of Sooke seen so many parked cars or the Sooke hall accommodated so large a crowd as when the Hudson's Bay employees' association visited that village on Wednesday evening, May 3rd, at the invitation of the Sooke Harbor athletic association.

Prior to the dance which was held in Sooke hall, two exciting games of basketball were played at Charter's hall by the ladies' team of Hudson's Bay versus the ladies' team of Sooke Harbor and the men's team of Hudson's Bay versus the men's team of Sooke Harbor.

The men's game proved a very even one, for at half-time the score stood at four-all. In the second half the baskets came faster, and great was the tension of the onlookers as first one side scored and then the other. When the whistle finally blew the victory went to the Sooke team, but only by one goal—the result being Sooke, 12 goals; Hudsons's Bay, 11 goals.

With the ladies' game the Hudson's Bay team had it all their own way, finishing up with the brilliant score of 6-0.

At the conclusion of the games the gathering made its way over to Sooke hall, where more than two hundred and fifty people took part in a most successful and enjoyable dance.

HER MAKEUP

"Darling, I've made up my mind to stay at home."

"Too late, George—I've made up my face to go out."

TIGHT QUARTERS

"But why do they make the apartments so small?"

Real Estate Agent—That, madame, is so the tenants will have no room for complaint.

A GOOD FELLOW

I've been a good fellow, earned all I spent, paid all I borrowed and lost all I lent. Once loved a woman, but that came to an end. Get a good dog, boys; he's always your friend.

GRAMMAR

There was a young lady from Kent
Whose grammar was terribly bent;
She said to her flame:
"I'm so glad you have came,
But I'll miss you so much when you've went."

VANCOUVER

Store Happenings

F. D. Gore, manager of the fresh meat department, who was called to Regina on account of the illness of his sister, is back on duty again.

W. R. Boyle, manager of the women's suit department, has returned from a buying trip in the east. He picked up many excellent values.

Miss MacFarlane, store nurse, was the recipient of a beautiful snow-white Persian kitten some twelve months ago, a promising "tommy" who was the mother of three of the daintiest little kittens you ever saw. Miss Macfarlane is receiving congratulations on all sides for her ability in judging sexes.

Vancouver has been honoured recently by a visit from two of its old-timers in the personages of Mr. and Mrs. Veysey. In spite of the frigidity of the Winnipeg winter it hasn't cooled the hearts of these two former Vancouverites, and their appreciation of this city of the golden west has not waned.

H.B.E.A.

THE Hudson's Bay Employees' association at Vancouver is making progress rapidly. Due to a live membership committee and a very enthusiastic membership drive the roll now totals over 540, leaving about two-score sophisticated employees yet to enroll.

The past season can be considered successful in every respect and the numerous dances and whist drives were well patronized and greatly enjoyed.

The committees are now busy working on arrangements for the summer. Although the loss of our club house and grounds will be keenly felt, the numerous picnics, outings, etc., now being planned will help to make up for this discrepancy. The association was very fortunate in making arrangements with the city for the use of tennis courts in different districts of the city, and it will be found very convenient for members living in any locality. The baseball team has proved it has "class" by winning the first two games with flying colors.

The association is now branching out and has formed an operatic and dramatic society, and we all look forward to seeing some good shows, as several of the members are "old hands" at this game.

In spite of the fact that the welfare claims were exceedingly heavy throughout the winter and spring, the association remains in good financial condition, and with the fine weather here and sickness at a minimum our bank account should continue to swell.

In order that a permanent record of our members can be had an offer of the Steffens-Colmer studio was accepted whereby they will furnish the association with a complete photographic roster and continue to keep same up to date as new members are obtained. Numerous members have already gone through the ordeal and are well pleased with the result.

MR. LOCKYER'S MONTHLY MESSAGE

6. RELIABILITY

WEBSTER defines the word as "the quality of being reliable."

I am prompted to make this the subject of my little talk this month on account of the fact that next Tuesday will see us commemorating the 252nd anniversary of the Company's incorporation. Think of it! Away back all through these two and a half centuries the Hudson's Bay Company has been operating; its first "adventurers" to the shores of Hudson's Bay crossing the Atlantic in a little wooden ship that many of you would hesitate to cross the gulf in.

Through all these years there must have been some outstanding feature in connection with the Company's operations, and undoubtedly it was *its reliability*. The Indians and natives of the north knew they could rely upon the Company's officers and servants having an adequate stock of provisions and other necessaries on hand. And further, they knew they could rely upon their dealings with the Company's traders being carried on in a fair-minded way.

As I stated to several of the selling staff the other morning, the Company operates its business today, including these big retail stores, with *reliability* as its prominent feature—reliable merchandise, reasonable prices and dependable people to handle and sell the goods.

In a business such as this everyone of us have got a duty extending beyond our ordinary work; it is a duty and a privilege to assist in maintaining that grand old watchword of the Company—*reliability*.

April 27th, 1922.

Look closely and see if you can tell who they are!

Baseball

THE Hudson's Bay employees' association has entered a baseball team in the Twilight league, an organization consisting of ten teams. The boys are giving a good account of themselves, winning four games and losing one to date.

From present appearances the H.B.C. team will be sitting at the top when the season closes. The team is very fortunate in having such an able manager in Mr. Adams, manager of the confectionery department. Mr. Leslie Vater is proving a capable captain.

Tennis

The tennis season is now in full swing and many members of H.B.E.A. are taking advantage of the courts that the association has provided for them.—*G. R. Hearns.*

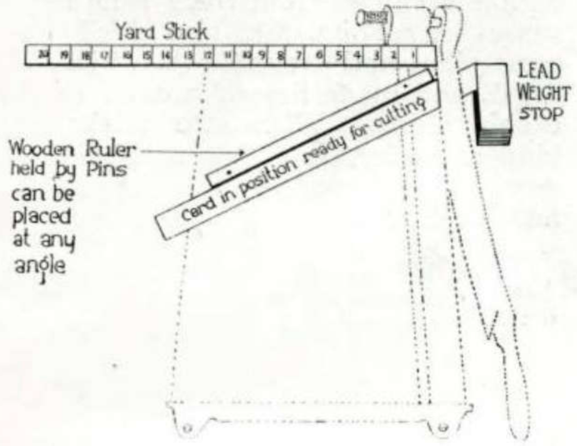
Things You Appreciate That Your Friends May Enjoy

YOU know the sound satisfaction to be gained by selling Hudson's Bay reliable merchandise! That same pleasure will be enjoyed by your friends when buying it. Help them to get the habit.

You know this is a one-price store, and that our prices are just a little lower than our competitors. That's why you enjoy selling. Tell your friends, that their buying may be equally as enjoyable.

You know that our advertising is truthful. Tell your friends so. They will have confidence when reading our advertising.

You know that our windows are the most interesting in town. Did you ever take a friend to see them? They'd appreciate your interestedness. Shopping "by window" is pleasant. Just try it.—*F. S. Garner*.


Yard Stick
LEAD WEIGHT STOP
Wooden Ruler held by Pins can be placed at any angle
card in position ready for cutting

Efficiency Stunts

IV—The Card Cutter

By EDWIN BELL

HAVE you a card cutter at your branch? If you haven't, get one. Not a cheap makeshift, but a good one. The largest size comes 12 inches wide and 18 inches long.

You will notice that we have marked the squares at right angles to the ruler, in inches, which you will find very convenient.

Ever cut a circle on the cutter? Easiest thing in the world. Use a Moore push pin for centre and place card as shown. Keep turning while cutting and see how quickly it is done. Compasses and scissors you will never use again. Also notice the extension rule, which may be 36 inches long. All the small price tickets shown are cut easily in great rapidity by using a ruler placed at an angle on your board, held by two steel pins and used as a guide. The lead weight acts as a stop so that you can cut any quantity, all the same size.

Try it out. You will find it will well repay you.

A COMPLAINT

(The editor accepts no responsibility for the opinions expressed by the writer of this letter, but feels that it should have due publicity. He has the name of the writer in his possession, and will be glad to give it to anyone whose sympathy may prompt him to make enquiries.)

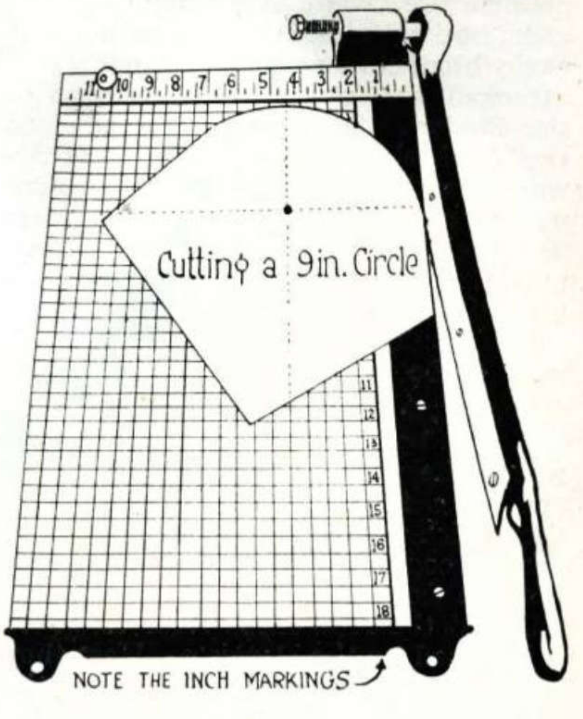
To Editor of *The Beaver:*

Sir: I don't know whether your columns are open to the owner of a grievance, but here's hoping! I have tried to state my case officially in many quarters, but so far have had no success. Perhaps this letter may help my cause.

I am an old servant of the Company, having been in its service since June, 1910. When I joined I was new to business, and certainly had a very enjoyable time. I was not considered fit for war service, and helped to "carry on" at home.

Up till about two years ago I had nothing to complain of, but I was then transferred to another department, where my life has been a constant hell. The head of the department has constantly sat upon me, from the moment he came in till the day's end, almost without stopping. Nor is he the only one concerned.

You would scarcely believe that there was any case of physical violence in this Company, but I *have been kicked*



and even knocked down for no fault of mine as far as I could tell.

As I have said, I have tried to put my case before those in authority, but either they refuse to listen to me or do not believe I am wronged.

I would gladly get a job in another place, but the risk is too great nowadays, and I suppose I shall have to stay where I am, unless you can help me. Yours faithfully—Hopeful.

Note—*On second thought we have decided to publish the name of this "grouser," but as we don't want to give him too much publicity, those interested should look at the foot of column 2, page 30.*

REMINISCENCES OF AN H.B.C. FACTOR

(Continued from page 20)

some eighteen or twenty families living entirely in the mountains, and for years had been at war with the Wood Assiniboines. The Snakes being camped on the side of a mountain west of the post, and a band of Assiniboines encamped at Lac Brule, just below the entrance to the pass, the latter proposed a meeting at the head of the Assiniboine for the purpose of ratifying a peace, each band to come unarmed.

This was agreed to and the men of the Snake band came unarmed and were placed in the inner circle round the council fire. The Assiniboines, however, had concealed their guns beneath their blankets and at a given signal attacked and murdered every one of the Snakes. They then proceeded to the Snakes' camp and killed all the women and children except three young women whom they brought as prisoners as far as Fort Assiniboine. Here they were stripped, bound and placed in a tent till next day when a great scalp dance would take place at which they were to be tortured and finally killed.

During the night a French half-breed, Bellerose by name, crept into the lodge where the prisoners were secured and cut them free. All he could provide them with was his scalping knife and a fire bag containing flint, steel and punk; but the women made their escape and followed the Athabasca river to where it is joined by the Baptiste. Here they could not agree as to which was the main river. Two of them decided to follow the Athabasca, the third took the Baptiste. The two, making a raft, crossed the Baptiste carrying with them the fire bag, and were never heard of again.

The third, with only the knife, proceeded up the Baptiste some thirty miles, and then made preparations for wintering. Berries were still to be had; she managed to kill a few squirrels, and with the sinews from their tails made snares for rabbits. She also killed some porcupines and groundhogs, which she dried, and made herself a dress of the rabbit skins. With two sticks she kindled a fire, and collecting a large stock of dry wood, by the time winter had set in, she was prepared for it.

Thus she lived till about the end of July, collecting dried sap from the poplar and making dried meat from rabbits and other small animals. At the end of that time she removed about fifteen miles to another good hunting ground.

About three months later an Iroquois hunter who had wandered further than usual came to a wonderful series of tracks and traces, and could not make out what kind of animal could have made them. So many tales of "windegoose" and other strange things were current that no one thought it worth while going so far to see about this one, so the whole thing died out for the time.

The following summer, however, when the hunters were camping some little distance from the Baptiste river, this hunter made up his mind to go again and try to find out what the animal really was. He struck the river just at the point where the Snake woman was living and saw snares set, trees barked, and fresh tracks that looked like those of a human being. He was sure that he had now come across a real windegoose (cannibal), and being a plucky man determined to hunt and kill him.

Creeping around very cautiously, with his gun at full cock, and prepared at any moment to be pounced upon, he came to a high bank where he saw an immense pile of dry wood and a small cave with a little fire in front, but no other sign of life.

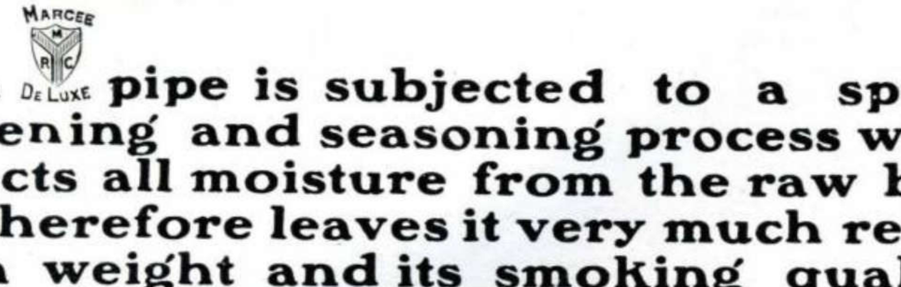
(To be continued)

A SMALL BEGINNING

Insurance should not be deferred until you are in a position to take out a policy of considerable amount. Is it not better to begin now and to proceed by easy stages, if only from an investment point of view? You can obtain policies for small amounts from time to time, as you can afford them, each one a profit-earning investment. We have interesting literature dealing with this phase of insurance. We will gladly send it upon request.

The Great-West Life Assurance Company
Dept. "D.30" Head Office: WINNIPEG

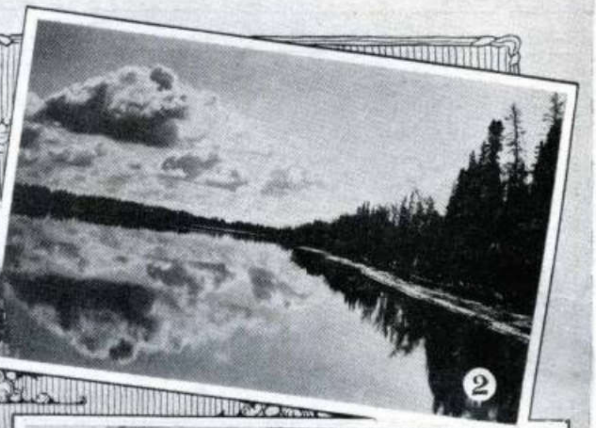
Century Old MARCEE MRC DE LUXE Briar Pipes

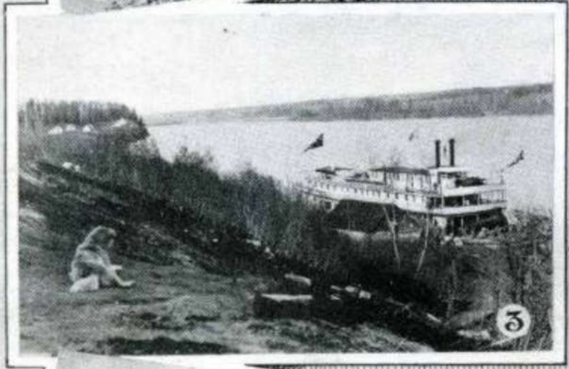


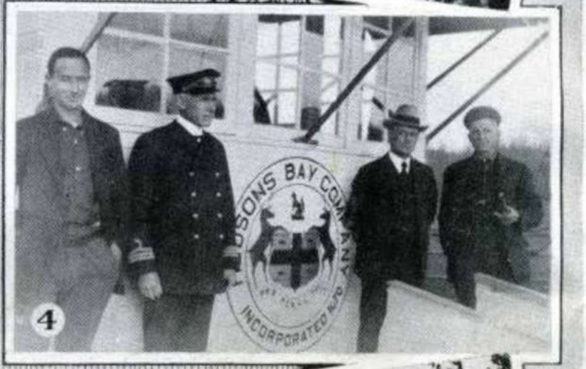
Each MARCEE RC DE LUXE pipe is subjected to a special hardening and seasoning process which extracts all moisture from the raw briar and therefore leaves it very much reduced in weight and its smoking qualities greatly improved. It is also finished in our Celebrated Dark Velvet Finish.

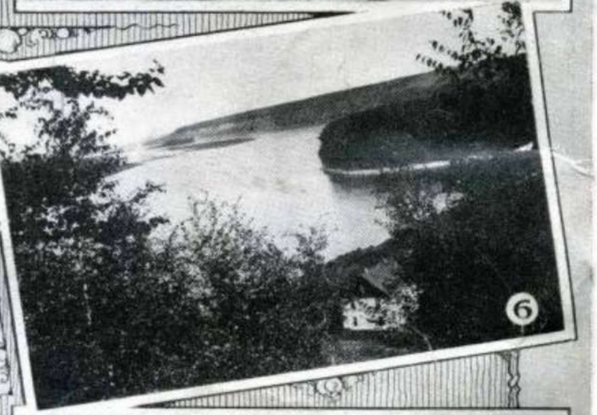
A well selected stock will be found in all The HUDSON'S BAY DEPOTS

H.B.C. NORTHERN TRANSPORT









COMPLETE outfits and travel information for sportsmen, prospectors, explorers, tourists and campers going into the North Country. H.B.C. service includes letters of credit, supplying of guides and canoemen and arranging of transport by the Company's steamers. Please address the Fur Trade Commissioner, Hudson's Bay Company, Winnipeg, when writing.

1. *The H.B.Ss. "Mackenzie River."*
2. *View on the Liard River.*
3. *H.B.Ss. "Fort McMurray."*
4. *Aboard the H.B.Ss. "McMurray." Left to right, the First Mate, Captain McLean, District Manager C. C. Sinclair, and Mr. Sutherland.*
5. *R.C.M.P. bringing Albert Le Beaux, Indian murderer, to Fort Smith in H.B.C. Motor Schooner "Fort Resolution."*
6. *Site of Fort McMurray on the Athabasca.*
7. *Arriving at the "End of Steel" (Athabasca Landing) via the A.G.W. Line from Edmonton.*
8. *The chef of the H.B.Ss. "Mackenzie River" ready to prepare a Fish Dinner.*